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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Theatrical Rhetoric of Dramatic Writers—"Hums" that are "Seen," "Stigmas" that are "Cast"—The Negative and Watery Bulletins of the Dailies—The Two Departments of Journalism—How William Stuart Avoided the Disturbing Elements of the Thing He Wrote About—How Crinkle Captured Challis—Flynn's General Instructions for "Herald" Critics.

I wish Alfred Ayres—who is doing admirable work in correcting the verbal vices of the stage, and whose accuracy and patience we have all had occasion to wonder at—would give a little attention to the theatrical rhetoric in use among dramatic writers. The critic of the *World*, the other day, took occasion to inform us that "the busy hum of preparation could now be seen."

I've been looking for it in vain ever since. He belongs to a busy set of writers who insist on "casting a stigma"—though just how a stigma can be cast, I have never quite understood; who invariably refer to a woman who dances as one who "handles her feet;" who are chained to the one sporting figure when speaking of a dramatic triumph, or a public recognition of merit, of "scoring a success," who insist upon calling certain conspicuous actresses "stellar attractions," and call theatres temples of Thespis.

The paucity of judgment that industriously shines in an absence of language was never better illustrated than in the patent phrase, "Her exertions left nothing to be desired."

Which is infamously false to begin with—for her exertions invariably leave clear thought and a correct statement of it most conspicuously desirable.

I recently read an account of the debut of an actress whose claims were large and in whom public curiosity and public interest had been deitily enough made to centre.

The three patent ideas in the review were:

1. "The arrangements in the management left nothing to be desired."

2. "The skill and experience of the talented lady went without saying."

3. "Judging from the enthusiasm of the fashionable assemblage, the piece will have a long and brilliant run."

Now, I have always noticed that when the abilities of an actress "went" without saying, that they "went" nowhither, and that when arrangements left nothing to be desired, the observer was suffering from that general paresis that first-nights of "talented" are so liable to superinduce.

The negative and watery character of these bulletins, it should however be said, are not as a rule so indicative of the inanity of the writer as of the paralyzing conditions which surround him.

It is not congenial, to say the least of it, to write of the "talented" Miss Charmian Slimpsey that her efforts to act betokened an utter absence of dramatic instinct and an amazing dearth of that common intelligence which animates the rest of the human race; for Miss Slimpsey's manager has paid two hundred dollars into the advertising department of the newspaper, and the man who is sent to write of her debut has to write under the official instructions to "let up."

In other words, as my friend, the editor of this paper, tersely said last week—"duty and policy (in this business) are not always concordant."

But he failed to add that, where they are not, the discordant scribe falls into his ready schedule of set phrases and says nothing with a hackneyed facility of iteration that makes policy as superior in diction to duty as a squirrel in a revolving cage is superior to a cycling planet.

I suppose the general law of literature on all newspapers is the same. It is a law which has two sides, turned to fit reporters and staff writers. It may be stated in its two forms thus:

CONVERSE to writers: Have you anything to say, and are you capable of saying it?

REVERSE to reporters: Have you anything to say, and are you capable of saying it?

The utter unlikeness of the same thing becomes apparent in the result. The writer is squelched if he hasn't, and the reporter is squelched if he has.

So it comes about that every newspaper has the double element in it of literature and journalism, just as the theatre embodies the two elements of art and artifice.

The first training a young man gets on a daily paper requires him to see and narrate, but not to judge or decide.

The last lesson he receives requires him to judge and decide, but not to see.

It is therefore quite obvious to anybody that the quality of the theatrical writing will depend wholly on what department of journalism the writer is drawn from.

There is nothing so important to your reporter as facts, and the salient facts of a performance are the number of people in the house, the amount of noise they make and the number of recalls they effect.

Facts, on the other hand, are, of all things, the most contemptible and disastrous to your writer. If he hasn't outgrown them, he has not reached the top rung of journalism.

Not to see a performance would incapacitate a reporter from writing about it.

To see it would seriously interfere with your

sent by the city editor. This is what I said: "Edith Challis last night scored an instant and brilliant success in the narrow minds and sporting vernacular of the noisy mob that had been assembled by the management to give general incompetency and brazen beauty welcome," and so forth, and so forth.

This is what appeared in the paper:

"Edith Challis last night scored an instant and brilliant success."

The rest was cut out by the night editor, the late condensing Mr. Wood, who wanted room, and who informed me the next day that I did not know the first duty of a reporter, which was carefully to abstain from all expressions of opinion and to stick to facts. "There was one fact in your report," said he, "and that I preserved. Facts alone live."

It's amazing how it did live. It came back to me in all the advertisements, it glowed in red letters on all her posters. What I didn't

nated a concrete fraud, made me two inches higher.

The next day Mr. Jarrett took me into the theatre. He had the paper in his hand. "I am going to read it to Edith," he said. "Come up and see her head swell. She'll give you a horse and carriage."

As I had walked all the way down Broadway from Union Square, and passed fifty actors without receiving an equipage, of course this seemed like an interposition of Providence.

Jarrett sat there in a box and read that article to her. "It's a whole column," he said. "How nice!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"The average incompetency of dramatic riff-raff," he read, "has had no such lustrous exponent as Edith Challis."

"Lustrous exponent as Edith Challis," said the woman. "Oh, you dear!—how did you think of it?"

ing the diamond drops from her ears. "What a line for a four-sheet poster!"

"Other women have tried to act with paint and powder and failed; other women have, in sad intervals of consciousness, tried to think and never succeeded; but Edith Challis is superior to them all, inasmuch as she never tries to act or think, and succeeds best by not doing either."

"Well, you are a daisy!" said Edith Challis, taking off an enamelled locket. "How many papers did you send for, Mr. Jarrett?"

"I ordered five thousand," said he. "Is that enough?"

"Oh, not half enough. You ought to see that a splendid article like that is sent to all the papers in the country with a request to publish. I can help you wrap them."

Jarrett was awfully remiss about some things. He never sent those papers, and he never got me that horse and carriage. He simply picked up her jewelry, took it into the office, locked it up in the safe, and then asked me to come down and take a ten-cent drink.

When Neddy Flynn was managing the *World*, he was bothered to death with his critics. The system of relays in that office compelled him to break in green men continually, and they were in the habit of making such mad protests before going to do Ristori and Booth and Salvini as, "But, beggin' your pardon, sir, the civil a theatre was I ever in in me life."

Finally he made out some general instructions for these fellows, which they used to carry with them to the theatre. They ran like this:

Blow this in somewhere.

The Temple of Thespis, under the management of (insert management), never presented a more resplendent sight than last night, the occasion being the return (or debut) of (insert stellar attraction). The boxes were radiant with the fashion and wealth of the Metropolis, among whom were noticed (insert Jerome, Mrs. Stevens and others).

Work this in somewhere.

The management has done everything that good taste could suggest or unlimited resources could furnish to mount the piece in the best of style. Its efforts in that direction left nothing whatever to be desired.

Fire this in somewhere.

The play is strong in situation, but prolix in language, and will have to be cut. We defer analysis of the acting until another opportunity.

Use this anyhow.

The company acquitted itself well, the star and principals scoring a well-deserved success, and the subordinates evincing much care in the handling which, at this house, goes without saying.

By this means the press kept abreast of the theatre, and the delighted audience, which was not wearied by any emotion in the players, was saved from any intelligence in the paper the next morning.

NYM CRINKLE.

The New Candidate for Congress.

A MIRROR reporter recently met William Cullington, who is busy with preparations to star in D. D. Lloyd's comedy, *For Congress*, made famous by the late John T. Raymond. Mr. Cullington takes his place in the ranks of the younger stars. In speaking of his long association with Mr. Raymond he said:

"I have been with Mr. Raymond more or less every season during the last ten years, during the last two of which I was his understudy. As is pretty well known, at least to the profession and the press, I have frequently played his roles during the last two years. I always went on without announcement of the change, and the audience never seemed to detect the difference. Of course, I refer to one-night stands. In the eyes of the public my stage resemblance to Mr. Raymond was such that often, when my cue came before his entrance, I was given his reception. Once, on the Colorado circuit, the star was taken ill and returned to Denver. As usual I played his roles. We were warmly greeted in Colorado Springs—pres; and public were more than usually enthusiastic in praise. Somehow it leaked out that Mr. Raymond was not with the company, and then the tide turned and we came near being mobbed."

"For the present I appear only in *For Congress*. I may get Colonel Sellers from Mrs. Raymond. The former play reverted to the author, Mr. Lloyd, from whom I secured it on royalty. We have just begun to organize the company, and have secured George Connor, late stage manager at the Globe Theatre, Boston. We open at Corning, N. Y., on Sept. 26, and play West. It is probable that we will be in New York during Thanksgiving week. G. W. Lynch, for nine years with Joseph Jefferson, is my manager, and, although we are rather late in the field, he is securing some excellent dates. Altogether I look upon my prospects as very bright. There is a vacancy to fill. I will do my best to be worthy of the place."



MAGGIE MITCHELL.

literary man's play of imagination and clean expression of judgment.

There was always a piquancy and breadth of view in the criticisms of the late William Stuart which could only be obtained by staying away from the disturbing elements of the thing he wrote about.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Clara Morris once, with the *Herald* on her knees and joy in her eyes, "Mr. Stuart wasn't in the house last night, after all."

"Wasn't!" exclaimed her husband, turning white. "Isn't there anything in the paper?"

"Of course there is—a whole column, and it's the best notice I ever had," said Clara.

That woman's divine instinct told her that the gifted *fleur* had not been hampered or handicapped by her divine presence.

I was a reporter once myself. I have preserved a report which I wrote of a woman named Edith Challis, to whom I had been

sav became the authoritative text of all her programmes, and what did not take place was the reduplicated truth that no amount of explanation could crush to earth.

Some years afterward I had toiled through the embryo of facts to a position of opinion, and Edith Challis came athwart my conclusions. This time I knew that what I said would be printed. I felt that something was due to a deceived community which imbibed its facts and water from the wooden spoon of journalism. I wrote, under a harrowing sense of duty, a whole column about Edith Challis. I think I must have been insanely deficient in policy at the time, for the column fairly bristled with the exposure I made of the woman's incompetency and vulgarity and her methods of gaining notoriety.

I felt better after it. The consciousness, so acute to a young writer, of having done his whole duty to an abstract ideal, and exterminating

"The descent of the stage in search of vulgarity may now be considered to have been stayed, for it has reached the bed-rock of Edith Challis," continued Mr. Jarrett.

"Bed-rock of Edith Challis!" she murmured, taking off a diamond ring. "What flowery language!"

"And all the ideals of ignorance and inability created by the nightmare of unblushing burlesque are inane and weak beside the effrontery of this denuded divinity of the cheap play-house—Edith Challis," went on Mr. Jarrett.

"Why, he gets my name in every sentence! Oh, you darling!" she cried, unfastening a brooch. "Go on, go on."

"To see the total absence of dramatic instinct posing in the domain of exhibition, and flaunting mere flesh in the trickery of tights, one must see Edith Challis."

"Must see Edith Challis!" she repeated, tak-

At the Theatres.

Erminie runs on its sparkling and successful course at the Casino just the same, and there will be no change until the middle of September, when The Marquis succeeds it.

The Beggar Student as given by the McCaull company is in its last week at Wallack's. Next Monday we are to have Suppe's Bellman for the first time.

Monsieur is popular with visitors to the city, and townsmen, too. Mr. Mansfield in it has a substantial success.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, July 27.

Last Friday night saw the end of a London theatre which seventeen years ago was an old-established chapel, and which, then being turned into a play-house, was in January, 1871, opened by Wybrow Robertson under the style and title of the Court Theatre. During its sixteen and a half years of existence the little house has had a somewhat eventful history. It was here that poor Marie Litton achieved her first real claim on public favor, and here also that (in 1873) three comedians made themselves up in the counterfeit presentations of Cabinet Ministers—with such success that the Lord Chamberlain dropped down upon them like a thousand of bricks, and by his interdict gave The Happy Land a gratuitous advertisement, which presently sent half the town flocking to Sloane Square. The piece in question was "a humorous skit" upon W. S. Gilbert's Wicked World, then running at the Haymarket, and the author was supposed to be one F. Latour Tomline. By far the most humorous part of the "skit" in question lay in the fact that eventually F. Latour Tomline and W. S. Gilbert turned out to be one and the same person. Inasmuch, however, as The Happy Land brought the Court into a notoriety it would not otherwise have attained, the end may in this case be taken to have justified the means.

By the time the house passed into the management of John Hare, people no longer shook their heads doubtfully when inquiries were made as to the locality of the Court Theatre. Here Hare produced Wills' Olivia, with Ellen Terry as the heroine and Hermann Vezin as the Vicar; Gilbert's Creatures of Impulse and The Wedding March; the late Lord Lytton's House of Darnley and Herman Merivale's White Pilgrim.

Wilson Barrett was the next lessee of the Court, and the chief feature of his management was the engagement of Modjeska, who had not hitherto played in this country. She appeared in Heartsease, James Mortimer's version of "La Dame aux Camélias"—which I may parenthetically remark is far and away the best adaptation of this gruesome piece that has yet been seen in this country—and herein achieved such success that the piece ran for several months. Mary Stuart, Adrienne Leveuvre and Romeo and Juliet were also put on for the exploitation of the fair foreigner, and finally a new play called Juana, specially written for her by W. G. Wills. In this gloomy piece Wilson Barrett made a great hit in the character of an unlucky monk. All the same the public firmly but gently decided that there was too much gloom around, and severely let the show alone. Wherefore Barrett presently transferred himself and his company—minus the star—to the Princess', where he and they presently struck it rich with The Lights o' London, the first of the Sims series of melodramas.

John Clayton was the next tenant of the Court, and some months later he was joined in the management by Arthur Cecil. For two or three years they ran mild dramas and serious comedies with but indifferent success. In March, 1885, they made a plunge in the direction of original farce—and with Pinero's mirth-moving Magistrate inaugurated a season of success which has lasted until now. About a year later The Schoolmistress appeared, and this, in the fullness of time, was followed by Dandy Dick. Thanks to the humors of those capital comedians, Arthur Cecil and Mrs. John Wood, the sprightly intelligence of little Miss Norreys, and last, but by no means least, the comicalities of Clayton himself, who, after being regarded for many years as something of a ponderous bore in serious comedies, now appears to have found his legitimate vocation in wild farce—the Court management has gone on and prospered. They would go on prosper still further, but the fat has gone forth that the existing house must be turned into "residential flats." Cecil is also tired of work, and wants a long holiday. This being thus, the partnership has come to an end, but Clayton proposes to build a new Court Theatre here by the site now occupied by the old one, and will open it early in 1888.

Meanwhile Dandy Dick, after a few weeks' holiday, will resume his prosperous career at Toole's on Sept. 10. All this was set forth in the speech made by Clayton on Friday night, when, in addition to paying a well deserved tribute to his author, his company and all concerned, he shadowed forth future arrangements in the style which has of late become so popular. The evening's programme consisted of the first act of each of Pinero's three farces

already mentioned, with Clayton's speech thrown in as sort of *bonne bouche*. The enthusiasm was really tremendous, and Mrs. John Wood in particular got a reception which must have been very gratifying to her. Taking it all round, the last night of the old Court Theatre was not a thing to forget.

Terry's Theatre which is to be—that is to say, the new house in the Strand which is now a-building on the site of the Occidental Tavern, a haunt beloved of old-time barnstormers, is promised to be in readiness for opening on Michaelmas Day. Judging from what I saw of the works at a formal visit of inspection this week, I should say that there is not much doubt that the builder will keep his bond. The invitation was ostensibly to witness the trial of a new "sprinkler." Really it was to find occasion for sundry little paragraphs just to show that Terry's Theatre is still moving along and will one of these days become an accomplished fact. The show included the building of a huge pile of matchwood and shavings on what will by and by be the stage. The pile, being built, was anointed with petroleum and presently set on fire. A pyramid of flame almost immediately shot up even unto the flies, but was promptly quenched by the letting loose of a gentle shower from the "sprinklers" aforesaid. Whether this would have been the case had the wood got well alight I will not pretend to say; but so far as it went everything was undoubtedly very satisfactory. These experiments being ended, a sort of inspection of bricks and mortar and iron girders took place, after which the inspectors were refreshed with biscuit, cheese, Pommery and Scotch whiskey, and all ended happily about an hour and a half after it had begun.

I am told that the new house will probably hold about 900 people, and that at current West-end rates of admission, they reckon this equivalent to about \$600. The plan of the auditorium seems (on a small scale) to be all that can be desired. The stage is shallow and the space behind the wings very poor. Nevertheless the house may be found adequate for the purposes for which it is intended.

Greatly daring, as it seemed at the time the announcement was made, the Brothers Gatti have decided to produce Pettitt and Grundy's new melodrama, The Bells of Haslemere, tomorrow evening. When advertisements to this effect were first inserted last Friday the theatre was a wilderness of alterations, the thermometer had outgrown all previous knowledge, and every theatre in the neighborhood save the Lyceum (where the divine Sarah had been playing to full houses) was a sort of his-tronic Hall of Balclutha. Since then the rubbish has been carted away, and heavy rains having cleared and cooled the atmosphere there is good hope in the managerial mind that the hot wave is at last over. Many weeks ago I sent you a brief outline of The Bells of Haslemere. I will only add to it now that an important feature of the third act will be the scene in a pestilential swamp somewhere down Mississippi way, where the hero (Terry), being fever-stricken and delirious, sees visions and acts accordingly. Report speaks well of the new piece's prospects.

Five or six years ago, when the aesthetic craze was raging furiously, F. C. Burnand, who, together with George Du Maurier, the artist, had had sundry digs at the Quite Too Utter cult in *Punch*, bethought him of turning the popular comedy, A Serious Family, formerly Un Mari a la Campagne, to account in this connection. So he altered the names of the characters, transformed our old friend, Captain Murphy Maguire, into an American named Wootwell W. Wood, made Missionary Sleekin an aesthetic humbug and dropped in a few topical wheezes, and lo! the result was—The Colonel. This had a successful run owing to the prevalence of caricatures of The O'Wilde, who, when he visited your shores, was not, you will remember, very much impressed with the Atlantic. But now that aestheticism has long been defunct and its apostles driven to seek other means of gaining notoriety, it would naturally be supposed that the reason for The Colonel's existence had also passed away, and that if the piece were used at all it would be used in its former English form. Violet Melnotte, however, the manageress of the Comedy Theatre, appears to think otherwise. At all events, she rashly revived this piece on Monday, presumably for the purpose of attempting the character of the merry widow, Mrs. Blythe, a character about as far above her grasp as the sceptre of England is above mine. She has engaged Edgar Bruce, who has played the Colonel many a time and oft; but he is not up to the original, which his name is Charles Coghlan. The rest of the cast, with the exception of Frank Wyatt, who plays a foreign waiter, and Helen Leyton (wife of Yorke Stephens), who plays Olive is not strong, and altogether the some what massive manageress is evidently in a loss.

Shadows of a Great City, Jefferson and Shewell's very mixed melodrama with which Grace Hawthorne commenced her management of the Princess' the other week, has been somewhat revised and improved since the first night. It wanted it badly. The Wild Irish Girl, so merrily played by Catherine Lewis, has been cut down, but still there is enough and to spare of the part. The play won't bear much analysis (as I dare say you

New Yorkers noticed); but I shouldn't wonder if the strong company engaged make it go for awhile. Grace still holds to her threat of producing an English version of *Theodora*. The Englishing will, it is said, be done by Mr. Nisbett, dramatic critic of the *Times*.

The great Sarah Bernhardt has been playing *Theodora* herself—also *Frou-Frou*, *La Dame aux Camélias* and *Fedora*—at the Lyceum, just vacated by Irving and company. The Bernhardt boom was under the direction of Henry E. Abbey, who on the first night was present with Mrs. H. E. A., formerly Florence Gerard. Both Abbey and Sarah who has shown wonderful form, must have done exceedingly well out of this brief season at the Lyceum, for, as I have already hinted, the house has been thronged every night, and at double prices, too.

Irving and company, who commence an eight weeks' provincial tour on August 22, are due at your Star Theatre on November 7. They will stay there five weeks and will then visit the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, for two weeks; McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, for four weeks, the Boston Theatre, Mass., for four weeks, and back again to the New York Star for another five weeks to wind up with. Irving and company bring with them by way of repertoire, *Faust*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Olivia* (in this you will see Irving and Ellen Terry at their absolute best), *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Werner* (a very woe-begone play), *Louis XI.*, *The Bells and Jingle*.

Your (and Our) Mary, to whom this *Heart of Mine* is still constant and true, takes possession of the Lyceum on Sept. 10, when she will offer *A Winter's Tale*, which play it will be remembered, she put up at Nottingham a few months ago, as was duly chronicled in *The Mirror*. Miss Anderson, will, as at Nottingham, double the characters of Hermione and her love-lost daughter Perdita, and will cast all of the remaining principal parts as follows: Leonettes, Forbes Robertson; Polixenes, F. H. Macklin; Camillo, John Maclean; Florizel, Fuller Mellish, a rising young actor (son of Rose Leclercq and nephew to Carlotto); Cleomenes, Arthur Lewis, who recently married Miss Tilbury (Lydia Thompson's daughter). Autolycus is not yet settled, but Charles Brookfield, a capital character actor, is spoken of for the part, and Sophie Eyre for Pauline. The Miss Tilbury aforesaid will be cast for Mopsa; Miss M. Ayston (Mrs. Charles J. Abud) for Dorcas, Helena Dacre for Emilia and Mary's brother Joe for the Clown. All sorts of splendid scenery and dresses are being prepared, and indeed everything is to be done tip-top.

I may remark that when Irving, in his farewell speech, alluded to Miss Anderson as having again taken the Lyceum, the mention of her name was received with tremendous enthusiasm. Now that Mary has denied the rumor that she was about to marry Forbes Robertson, I hope she will kindly turn her attention to me. If I am not wallowing in wealth I am, at least, nobly born.

Held by the Enemy, which, let me tell you, sir, does your nation credit, has just passed its hundredth performance in London, and is still running merrily. Since its recent transference from the Princess' to the Vaudeville, the character of Rachel McCreery, originally played here by Alma Murray, has been given to lovely Kate Rorke, who, like Our Mary, has undivided possession of my heart.

Henry Labouchere, alias "Labby," editor and proprietor of *Truth*, and (as he describes himself) "the Christian Member from Northampton," has been causing a rare flurry among the clergy and curates of Twickenham for giving at his house (Pope's Villa) a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* last Sunday as ever was. In this show, which was *alfresco*, Bottom the Weaver was played by George Augusta Sala, Titania by Kate Vaughan (who, of course, threw in dances), Hermia by Miss Fortescue, and Helena by Miss Dorothy Dene (formerly model to Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy), and Puck by little Miss Norreys, the intensely red-haired charmer, lately of the Court, but formerly of America, which country she quitted, I believe, about three years after her birth, and returned thither for awhile a few years ago with Charles Wyndham's company. Tay Pay O'Connor, of the National League, was to have played one of the clowns, but his brogue was found to be quite too Oirish begorra! So the character was given to the son of Dr. Morell Mackenzie, who lately operated on the throat of the Crown Prince of Germany.

As I predicted in my last letter, Civil War has failed to catch on at the Gaiety, notwithstanding the combined efforts of Mrs. Brown-Potter, Kyrielle Bellew, James Fernandez and Amy Roselle. Mrs. B. P. however, and her manager, James Barton Key, mean to have another try, and to this end they and Gaiety Edwards will produce on August 13 a new Spanish poetical play written by a lady who signs herself "Ross Neil." This may be entitled either *Inez* or *The Bride of Love*, and it is probable that K. Bellew and that fine actor, E. S. Willard, will be in the cast.

Augustus Harris promises to give us Pleasure—in other words, the new Autumn drama

which he and Paul Merritt have written for Old Drury—on Sept. 3. Also he may ere long try at a special Drury Lane matinee a new Egyptian tragedy which may or may not be called Nitocus. The author of this is Clotilda Graves, the sister of the wife of W. Greet, Willie Edouin's acting manager.

GAWAIN.

Gossip of the Town.



Above is a portrait of W. H. Crane, the Sylph-like comedian. He has achieved a Bardolphian hue by exposure to the sun and wind on his comfortable yacht, in which he spends much of the time this Summer; but beneath it all he remains as white a man as there is in the profession.

Richard Golden, the comedian, is in the city after a long absence.

T. D. Frawley is considering an offer to play Steve Harlan in *May Blossom*.

Alonzo Hatch, the tenor, has been engaged for the *Ovide Musin* Concert company.

Joseph Wheeldon is reported as engaged by Joseph Mack for Robert Downing's support.

Jennie Yeamans' company will leave this city on August 20 by special train for St. Louis.

Pauline Montegriffo has been engaged by E. M. Gardiner for the role of the Fairy Queen in *Zozo*.

Charles Frohman has cabled to Felix Morris an offer to appear with George S. Knight in *Baron Rudolph*.

The Hanlons are negotiating with Tony Pastor for the release of *The Phoites*, whom they want for *Fantasma*.

The Highest Bidder will open its season with E. H. Sothern as the star at the National Theatre, Washington, on August 31.

Mrs. Adolph Bernard (Vennie Vivian) has been engaged for Nat Goodwin's support. Mr. Barnard goes with J. K. Emmet.

Lee Townsend has been engaged as business representative of Joseph Haworth, who opens his season in Rosedale at Philadelphia Sept. 12.

May Myers and little Mabel Craig have been engaged by the Brennan and Quinn Star Theatre company, which opens its season at Portland, Me., August 20.

C. L. Clark has engaged Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark (Emma Whittle) for his Michael Strogoff company. Mr. Clark will play Michael and Mrs. Clark Sangara.

There is a strong probability that William H. Gillette's adaptation of *She* will be seen at Niblo's Garden this season, although an up-town Broadway theatre is also figuring.

Edna Hawkins, the star of the Main Line company last season, has been engaged for the Lyceum Theatre, and will make her first appearance as the slavey in *The Great Pink Pearl*. Grace Henderson will also appear in the play.

Frank A. Tannehill will shortly open a star ring tour in the romantic French drama, *The Exile's Daughter*; or, *A Soldier's Trust*. W. H. Langdon, at the Elks' Club, is organizing the company, which Mr. Tannehill promises shall be first-class.

Charles H. Hoyt believes that Mike Kelly, the famous ball-tosser, has within him the elements of a fine comedian. It is said that the "skitist" recently offered to put the ball-player on the stage. Kelly and Hoyt have a little mutual admiration society of their own.

Tony Pastor's company will open its season at Saratoga next Monday, playing two nights at that Summer resort. This will be the debut of the new attractions imported from Europe, and the only occasions of the appearance of John and Harry Kernal with the organization.

The next sensation at the Standard Theatre, London, is to be a realistic representation of a storm at sea. Instead of the old-fashioned method, the working of the waves is to be imitated with the aid of a number of pistons working from the bottom of a tank, which, to heighten the illusion, is to be filled with sea water.

The contract for the scenery for Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, to be produced with elaborate effects at the Madison Square Theatre, has been awarded to Hawley and Emmons. The scenery is to be used both here and on the road. The house on Monday night at the Madison Square Theatre to witness Monsieur was the largest ever known there during the Summer.

F. F. Proctor has absorbed another theatre, having secured the Brooklyn Criterion for a term of years. Redecoration and other improvements are in order, and the house will be run at popular prices. A fine line of attractions is being booked, and Mr. Proctor will throw his usual energy into the conduct of the house.

James O'Neill sails from England to-morrow (Friday) on the *City of Nevada*. His season will open on Sept. 5 at Hartford, Conn., with Monte Cristo, *The American King* being produced later in the season. The full company engaged includes J. W. Shannon, May Wilkes, Annie Boudinot, Grace Raven, J. H. Shewell, Howard Gould, Carroll Fleming, Arthur Leclercq, T. H. Cunningham, William Rigney, John Shaw, Lawrence Manning and Charles N. Richards.

L. R. Willard will not be a member of Miller Nobles' company, Mr. Nobles having released him and substituted Maurice Pike. The company leaves on August 25 for St. Louis, and opens on August 29 in from *Sire to Son*. The same play will be presented the following week in Chicago. Mr. Nobles writes: "I am greatly pleased with the cast, and it is the new play isn't a big 'go,' it will probably be the fault of the author and star."

Charles Frohman will direct for George S. Knight the production of *Baron Rudolph* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The play was read to Mr. Frohman and to David Belasco, who is to stage it and make any necessary alterations, on Sunday last at Asbury Park, and Mr. Frohman arranged with Mrs. Knight to play the comedy part. A strong company is being engaged for the production, and the engagement is to be extended far into the Winter should it prove successful.

Preparations are being actively pushed forward at the Casino for the celebration of the 500th performance of *Erminie* on Sept. 6. It will be the last and grandest of all the celebrations of the anniversaries of this opera at the Casino, as the last performance of the opera takes place on Sept. 17. The souvenir of the occasion will be the prettiest and at the same time the costliest that the house has ever given. It will consist of a uniquely designed porcelain plaque, with a representation of the Casino building burnt in its surface, enclosed in a pretty leather "V. de B." portmanteau by eight inches in size.

The Held by the Enemy company will play next week in Denver on a guarantee of \$3,500. On August 29 the play is to be produced at the Star Theatre in this city, and on the second night of the engagement will occur the 550th performance in this country and the 150th in London. To celebrate the event the Star Theatre will be handomely decorated with English and American flags and bunting, and a decidedly novel and expensive souvenir will be given away in the shape of a cannon ball—one half of which will not only be of the English mould, but which will have been made in England, while the other half (American model) will have been made here. The ball will be made so that it can come apart and be used as a mantel ornament.

Dramas Appropriated by Play-Pirates.

(Published for the information of resident managers who desire to avoid infringements.)

After Dark.	My Partner.
Arm-a-Pogue.	Miss Strogoff.
Betha, the Sewing-Ma- chine Girl.	Mountain Pine.
Bob.	Nobody's Claim.
Big Bonanza.	Only a Farmer's Daughter.
Bound to Succeed.	Our Boarding-House.
Costumes.	Passion's Slave.
Colonel Vellars.	Prisoner for Life.
Collett Bawn.	

The Giddy Gusher.



There is a sweet voice heard thrilling the arches of High Bridge this morning—a tinge of sadness—a cadence of grief—the cultured ear might detect; but the principal flavor of the whole performance is one of survived disaster and ultimate triumph. It's the Gusher warbling "Home Again."

I judge by the letters to the papers that there are kickers in New York. Reformers, there is a regenerating course open to you—take 'em on an excursion to Boston and bring 'em back satisfied.

About once a year something takes me to Boston, and for weeks after my return they use the sweetness of my smile for preserving quinces and the lightness of my heart for illuminating purposes. I contemplate my countenance with that joy forever which belongs to a thing of beauty. Lydia Pinkham and Mrs. Zadoc Pratt, the cough-balsam dazier, would be mobbed as medicated Venuses on Washington street. There's nothing uglier than a young Boston woman, unless it is an old Boston woman; and how those flat chested, sallow-cheeked, erysypallic-nosed girls manage to land the hearty, handsome Boston men is a never ending wonder to me.

I looked round the comfortable, aesthetic English atmosphered dining-room at Young's Hotel and saw the same old familiar set—big, fine, well-built husband; little, mealy, perked-up wife and a brace of skim-milk children. Florid, fair, well-put-up papa; shrunken, skinny, pink-nosed mamma, and a trio of tallowy kids. Breezy, frank-faced young man, lately married; the slender bundle of grey serge opposite is the bride. And there you are! You see for yourself that they catch these good-looking men when they look like scarecrows. I thought they might have been pretty when they were first married, but here you always find a bride with sinews in her neck and cords on her hands and glasses on her nose.

Why, a Boston bride comes down to the table at the Hoffman House the first morning of her wedded life, and while the new Benedict blocked out the breakfast with the waiter, she began to read a treatise on "Parabolic Reflectors with Variable Cut-offs." The outlook for domestic happiness was so vague and unpromising that Fred. Lamb laid his head on his napkin and shed bitter tears.

The crop of Boston newspapers is immense. It's a tremendous yield in quantity, but beyond the exciting news that Jordan and Marsh have reduced lambs-wool socks to prices that wouldn't buy the yarn, you get very little in one paper. I found in Monday's papers all the things I had read in the New York Sunday papers—with this advantage: the Gotham editor, with brutal expedition, gives every detail; whereas the Boston sheet gives you the appalling facts briefly, and then has the full particulars in next day.

They know how to spread their butter on two pieces of bread in Boston.

You see, the event that took me to Boston this week was the performance of *As You Like It*, and as no one could help liking it, under the trees on Agnes Booth-Schoeffel's place at Manchester.

Summer before last a party of princes and sons of men got this play up at a magnificent place just outside London. The only advantage they had over the Manchester presentation was in the royal old oaks behind whose giant trunks all the men who killed the deer could have hidden, and whose dense and shadowy greenery laid out anything Mazzanovich or Goatcher ever produced. No very large trees grew on the theatre of action at Manchester, so from out the adjacent woods big chunks of maple and ash and chestnut were brought and lashed upon delicate saplings that stood green and fresh and wondering in the midst of drooping and drying branches, as I have seen a group of old women gather round a beautiful child.

A nice plank walk acted for footlights, and divided the people in the tent from the Forest of Arden. It rather unnerved me to see the rosy Willie Seymour dodging round this forest in a pair of Boston-made pants. He was prompter, turf manager and grass director. He was ubiquitous, and he told me that a forester's attire had been suggested; but he was on the horns of a dilemma. Duty kept him among the trees, where leather leggings and red trunks were suitable; inclination took him on trips to the hotel, where store clothes were

the only wear. He couldn't be equipped for both; so he kept behind the bushes and displayed as little of himself as possible.

It was a lively audience. About 17,000 little grasshoppers impartially distributed around the tops of a thousand female stockings and gallivanting up the pants of a thousand male legs, will make a Shakespearian touch-and-go affair. The grasshopper is not a Shakespearian student. I grabbed an agile and stout veteran; I pinioned him by the hind legs; I asked him if he was any relation of my Hopper—De Wolf Hopper. His construction conveyed an impression that he might be. I asked him if he enjoyed the performance, and held him on my knee so he could have a good view of Rose Coghlan, who looked a love in the sunshine; and I discovered that he could sustain conversation by muscular action alone. He knew so little of the drama of the past that I began to question him of the future.

"What do you think Boucicault will do about *Times* article?"

He kicked.

"What do you think will be the principal feature of Mrs. Langtry's new play—the pants play?"

He kicked.

"What will be the result of Miner's management of Mrs. Brown-Potter?"

Oh, what kicking!

"Can you tell me anything regarding the forthcoming season with Abbey at Wadsworth's?"

I'll be blamed if he didn't kick his legs short off at the knees and escape on his thighbones.

Sometimes in theatres I've wanted to move my seat a little, when some one had top-dressing on their hair, or some man of plethoric proportions would climb all over me in quest of a clove. Then I regretted the nailing down of seats; but as I looked at the Manchester camp-chair audience I saw what would be the result if orchestra seats were not riveted to the foundation timbers. Mrs. John Bigelow would be hauling No. 26, Row J, down to Row A, and planting his hind legs in the bowels of the big fiddle. Mrs. Paran Stevens would move her whole party from the right to the left of the house.

After the first act it was a go-as-you-please audience. All the serried ranks were broken and there we had sat "like cockle-shells and silver bells all in a pretty row." Then it became a pretty row, as the fair corsairs gathered their seats under 'em and moved up. Folks that had been in P came down to C. Only the plank walk kept an old woman on a camp-chair from riding into the Forest of Arden with a beaded Jersey. She went up my spinal column like an electric battery, so I deserted and went off among the dear mumpers, where joy was unconfined.

God has tried to make things very pleasant for Agnes Schoeffel. Land and water have done their best for the Masconomo House, and if there is another John Schoeffel I'd like to know if he is unengaged.

If you would ask the unfortunate grasshopper what I thought of the trains they run to Manchester, he could tell you. Here in New York a special train is one that goes straight through without stops (as the printers say I send up copy); down in Massachusetts it means a train that doesn't neglect a hamlet of four cottages. Why, one engineer saw an old woman with a pail of buckles-berry pelting down a hill, and under the impression that she wanted to go somewhere, held up till she asked him, if she followed the track back the way he came, whether it would take her to Lynn, where she was having some shoes mended.

But we were a jolly party going down, and the delays were lightened by much fun, and on that lawn how many roaring pieces could have been cast, and how many managers picked up to take the companies out! If there was a heavy heart or an anxious soul among the crowd it was carefully concealed, and the Gusher fell in love.

Old Walt Whitman, in a moment of poetic fervor and Hambletonian vigor, sent out a general invitation in his "Leaves of Grass." "Come unto me and I will beget bully babes," said he, and the line ran in my head every time I looked on Osmond Tearle's small son. If ever there was a "bully babe," it is he. If a condensing process could reduce the big bovine actor to the proportions of that little fellow, you would see exactly what Tearle has rolling round his piazzas. The dearest, rosiest, frankest, bravest little chick of a child in all the State. The small mouth, the big round eyes, the pleasant, wondering look, seemingly surprised to find the world so nice—why, it's George Osmond Tearle seen through the small end of an opera-glass. Little Tearle has begun early to break up the women. The Gusher is a wreck, and waits impatiently for his fascinating society which he has promised much of the coming Winter.

Tearle's home, perched up on the hill above the Masconomo House, is a gem. It is developing high artistic ability—a dormant talent he never suspected the possession of. Joe Jefferson, George Giddens, one of the Forbes boys and several prominent actors

have shown their skill with the brush, but if the dillitanti could see the fence Osmond Tearle has painted, the works of other theatrical artists would seem of little merit. Some of this fence goes over a brook, and, with just pride, he speaks of it as his marine view; the rest he modestly calls his landscape efforts. At one spot the cow broke through, and the ornate board nailed over the hole and decorated with his skilful brush he denominates his cattle-piece; and its merit warrants him in trying further ventures in the same field. As an actor Tearle has long held position in the first rank; as a painter he bids fair to attain eminence. (It is his intention to paint the roof during the Summer.)

Even in this lovely home there must be a shadow to reach my widely disseminated affections. The world need not be told how ardent a love I have cherished for years for William Crane. His personal beauty first won me, and on acquaintance his romantic, although somewhat melancholy character, completed the fascination. Time and absence have wrought no change in me, but to bear him address Mrs. Tearle's sister as "his own Lillian" was the one drawback to a perfect day. Try as I will to think fairly of her really fine singing of the music in *As You Like It*, linked with the recollection of her full, true, sweet notes comes the memory of William Crane's fond voice, and I cannot write in an unbiased manner.

I have read so many testimonials lately as to the efficacy of advertising in *THE MIRROR* that in this column I am going to make known my trouble and see if any one can give me aid.

About the first of last June my dearly beloved black-and-tan slut "Fanny" was taken to a drug store on Second avenue, near Ninetieth street. She was shut in a back room, but in some way escaped, and no amount of investigation or advertising has brought her back. She is about six years old, very stout, a little lame in a hind leg, has a beautiful small head, with ears uncut, and a trick of showing all her little white teeth when spoken to and caressed—which is her way of smiling. She must weigh about ten or twelve pounds. If only some reader of *THE MIRROR* could restore my old girl, it would be greatly to their advantage, and place under unending obligations the bereaved

GIDDY GUSHER.

New Growth in Crazy Patch.

On July 26, at Duluth, Minn., the "zenith city of the unsalted seas," Kate Castleton, sometimes given the prefix of "Bonnie," will enter upon a third season of *Crazy Patch*, a hodge-podge of screaming fun that has made her name famous between the Atlantic and Pacific and endowed her with a snug fortune. That genteel young man, Mr. Al. F. Bradley, has been—after an interval with The Golden Giant—re-engaged as Miss Castleton's representative ahead. A *MIRROR* reporter met him on a recent run-in from New Rochelle, and place under unending obligations the bereaved

GIDDY GUSHER.

—*New Growth in Crazy Patch.*

—*Charles K. Steel has assumed the management of Harper's Theatre at Rock Island, Ill. The house seats 1,000. There is open time in October, with a preference for open or tragedied.*

—*Manager Edward C. Ceruti has arranged two ballets, "The Fairy Dance of the Beautiful Sylphides" and "The Revels of the Nymphs of the Lake," for Newton Beers' Lost in London.*

—*S. M. Vredenburg, for two seasons manager for Frank Fayne, is at liberty to negotiate with responsible parties. He may be addressed care A. S. Seer, 29 East Seventeenth street.*

—*Lowell's Opera House, at Dover, N. H., is newly constructed and well equipped. It seats 600, and is conveniently situated, opposite the Central Depot. John P. Lowell is the manager.*

—*Rehearsals of The Marquis have started in earnest at the Casino. The Ermine company during its sixteen weeks on the road will, of course, be under the direction of Jess Williams.*

—*Charles H. Hoyt arrived in the city from Charleton, N. H., where he has been spending his honeymoon. On Sunday last, and since then has been the recipient of no end of congratulations.*

—*Manager Lowe had the following open time at his Audubon Theatre, New Orleans: Weeks of Nov. 7 and Dec. 5, 6 and 7 and from March 11. His terms are liberal to the best attractions.*

—*R. O. Gilroy, who is at present in Denver, retires from the business management of the Adelaide Randall Opera company, and is at liberty for the season. He has been with the company two years.*

—*One James C. Stebbins, of Charlestown, N. H., is the original of the Stranger in Hoyt's Hole in the Ground. In September he is to be lugged down from Charlestown to New York to see the skit.*

—*A new place of amusement in Naugatuck, Ct., to be known as the Main Street Theatre, will be open about Sept. 1. The house may be rented or shared. Naugatuck has a population of about 7,000.*

—*Frostburg, Md., has loomed up as an excellent one-night stand. The Ravenscroft Opera House seats 800 and is steam-heated. Manager Ravenscroft will play a limited number of attractions this season.*

—*J. C. Garr has returned from a very successful tour of the West.*

—*The Hartman House has become the resort of the perfumed ladies. Fa. It is a cosy, homelike hotel, with a table that is very tempting to the wayfarer. It is handy to the depots and places of amusement.*

—*Griffith Morgan, the scenic artist, has just completed a lot of scenery for Bull's Opera House, Newport, and is now working on new scenery and retouching at Manager White's Music Hall, Tauton, Mass.*

—*Manager D. B. Durgin is booking dates for the new Opera House, Rochester. The house is on the ground floor and has a seating capacity of 1,500, and will play at popular prices. It will be open all the year round.*

—*The company engaged to support Augusta Van Doren in Charlotte Russe comprises Harry Linden, W. Rawley, Edward Warren, Paul Bowles, Alice Brooks, Emile Rickaby, Alice Brown and Mabel de Bebian.*

—*Manager Norman H. Seymour will have his new Opera House at Mount Morris, N. Y., ready for opening about Sept. 1. Mount Morris is a good town for theatricals, and is about thirty-five miles from Rochester.*

—*Sheridan S. Block, who has been leading man with Marie Granger during the past season, returned to town last week. He played with Miss Granger as far as the wilds of Dakota, and then retraced his steps, not caring to risk the "Frisco" trip.*

—*Frank Mayo will open in San Francisco on Sept. 10 and play a three weeks' engagement. On the way he will appear four nights in Salt Lake City. Sheridan Corby will spend a few days at Crockett Lodge, Canton, Pa., before opening his eighth season with Mr. Mayo.*

—*W. H. Sherwood is in town from Norfolk, Va. He is booking for the Academy of Music there and also for the Mozart Academy, Richmond. He is getting a good line of attractions. The Richmond house will play at standard prices.*

—*The following company has been engaged for the production of The Dark Secret, which opens its season at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 3: Dora Goldthwaite, Virginia Wilson, H. Walton, J. Marion, I. S. Thompson, Gabrielle de Saul and Hosmer and Teemer the orphans.*

—*The Graham Earle company will open season at Homer, Ill., on August 15. It comprises Graham Earle, Agatha Singleton, Joseph Anderson, Lewis A. Mabb, A. E. Varney, Harry M. Holden, Frank Golden, Fred Kilsworth, Julia A. Hurst, Sadie Stockton, Mamie Anderson, Fero Earle and Dot Anderson.*

—*The Oil and Iron circuit (one-night stands) includes Vicksburg, Miss., and (one-week stands) Franklin, Tenn. and Titusville, Pa. E. A. Hempstead, headquarters at Meadville, Pa., is secretary. There is open time in the weeks of Sept. 5, 12, 19. Mr. Hempstead will be at Chautauqua, N. Y., until August 23.*

—*The following company will support Delbauer (Human Frog) in his new musical comedy, Puddle's Pond: Gertrude Fort, Lizzie Inglis, Bonnie Goodwin, George Geyer, Harry Rogers, George W. Williams; W. H. Warren, musical director; F. E. Davis, manager; James Fort, business manager; W. H. Fisher, agent. Time is booked for February.*

—*The following company will support Frank Fayne in his new musical comedy, *As You Like It*: Frank Fayne, Mrs. Charles Walcott and their country-places at Staatsburg-on-the-Hudson.*

—*Mrs. Josephine Shepherd, daughter of Mrs. W. J. Florence, sailed on the *Umbria* August 6, with Mrs. Blanche Smythe as chaperone. She will remain abroad for a year.*

—*Nelson Whealdorf respectfully invites out-of-town managers visiting in the city to attend the production of Gwynne's *Oath* at the Windsor Theatre next Monday night.*

—*A varied entertainment was given at the Dutch Opera House, Pawling, N. Y., last Saturday evening. Prominent names on the programme were those of W. F. Burroughs, D. G. Longworth, J. H. Fitzpatrick and Vida Croly.*

—*S. M. Vredenburg will manage the Mendelssohn Quintette Club this season. This is the thirty-eighth season of the Club. Mr. Vredenburg is late of Fayne's management. He writes that he has booked Mr. Fayne for the season.*

—*Following is the cast of the spectacle *Delores*, to be presented at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on Sept. 1: Count Ryodor, Newton Goethals; King, T. T. Malone; Duke D'Amato, J. H. Wallace; La Tosca, M. Blanche; Blanche Wallace, H. Wallis; Vargas, E. H. See; Delrio, C. H. Gorrell; Jones, Max Figrams; Rinco, S. F. De Vere; Dolores, Eleanor Cary; Dora Raphael, Charlotte Dare; dark Matheon, Rico Allen; A Young Roy of the People, A. Figman.*

—*F. F. Proctor has engaged the following company to support Charles T. Ellis in Karl the Yodler: Lawrence Edinger, George F. James, G. F. Gustill, Charles McNamee, James D. McNamee, Charles D. McNamee, Daniel Woods, Little Bobby Woods, Max Willis, Edward Edinger, John Hanan, leader of orchestra; William Padock, treasurer; John A. Wing, business representative. The season opens at Wilmington, Del., Sept. 5. Everything points toward a very successful season for this young star, nothing having been neglected to make it so.*

—*Frank Mayo's full support includes Alice Fisher, Helen Rand, Dolores Monegan, Frances Graves, Gladys McNamee, James H. Taylor, David Hanchett, Edwin Noland, Charles H. See, Delrio, C. H. Gorrell, Neil Gray, George Flack and T. H. Conly, the opening point.*

—*Ullie Akerstrom continues under the management of Frank Charvat. Her support comprises Hattie Morris, Sidney E. Cameron, Alice Houston, George Hassard, Arthur Ludwig, L. W. Gleason, W. E. Davis, A. F. Herman, Frank Hewitt, Dwight Gaylord, Ralph A. Ward, J. W. Kelly, R. Ringwall and J. M. Sweeney. Season opens at Elkhorn, N. J., on Sept. 5.*

—*A new season is anticipated for the new Myra's Grand Opera House, El Paso, Texas, the date of its erection. It will be finished by Nov. 1. It is to be elegantly furnished in modern style, and will seat 1,500. El Paso is a wealthy town of 10,000, and the best attractions play to from \$1.00 and up. H. W. Myra may be addressed at Camden, Ark.*

—*W. Henry Rice, John Hart and Add Ryman have joined forces in the formation of a mineral troupe. All are great gurus in their especial lines. Rice is the queen of the female burlesques; Ryman is the king of all the stamp-singers, and Hart holds a very fat position as an elegant comic.*

—*Manager Mr. Rice is engaged the troupe.*

—*Instead of going on the road, as previously contemplated, Doctored Minstrels will remain in the city in the winter, and the house will open on Sept. 5.*

—*Edward E. Kidder has been engaged as*

Passe in Chicago 3, for two weeks' rehearsal. This co. will open the new house Aug. 17, remaining for a week. Lingle Kellings (sister of Tom Massey, who is well known by the fraternity, as proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel at this city) who will support Miss Arnold, joined the co. on the above date.

J. W. Carson, one of Valparaiso's favorites, spent a few hours with us 8. He has a co. on the road, playing the Three Guardsmen.

P. W. Shadrack, formerly with Stetson's Uncle Tom co. will join Waines' Dramatic co. as advance agent Aug. 15.

IOWA.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Dohany Opera House (John Dohany, proprietor): Mrs. Langtry was greeted July 29 by a large and brilliant audience. Her act was far better than that expected, but the company with perhaps one or two exceptions, was the very best.

The press and public were disgusted with the rudeness and incivility of George Keogh, Mrs. Langtry's manager. The Lily should secure an American manager.

The first instance of his rudeness was with a genial accompaniment by two ladies. The escort that evening was Misses Miller and Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Dohany was about to look into the matter, when Keogh stepped up and interferred using insulting language.

It was through respect for the ladies around the door, or he would have been attended to there and then. The party were among Council Bluffs' best citizens. Instead of standing inside the door, the proper place for receiving tickets, Keogh stood in the lobby, and patrons passing by were just as likely to stop to a very rude greeting. Once he speeded their movement with his remarks, and the Langtry audience was composed of Council Bluffs' best citizens, who packed the house on the hottest day of the season—104 in the shade. Manager Dohany says Keogh is the most ungentlemanly manager he ever had any dealings with. He made his boasts of the number of lawsuits pending in different courts against Mrs. Langtry.

IOVIA CITY.

Arena: King and Franklin's Circus gave two exhibitions 5 to immense crowds. Good satisfaction.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.

Crawford's Opera House: July 29, a minstrel troupe, cheaply billed as "Haverly's" (and starring a poor like-ness of that once famous manager on either side of a contortionist with his head on his forehead), gave an exhibition of burst-cork comedy that failed to electrify, but did not offend. The act was introduced in a manner that was as egotistic as it was poor.

Miller, Stone and Freeman's Circus and Menagerie, ten and twenty cents is billed for 12-13.

LYNN.

The next regular season at Music Hall will open as with Atkinson's co. in Peck's Bad Boy. The show business is better than it has been in a number of years, and the press is unusually bright for the season.

Miller, Stone and Freeman's Circus and Menagerie, ten and twenty cents is billed for 12-13.

FALL RIVER.

Miller, Stone and Freeman's Circus gave six performances 4-6 to business ranging from small to good. At the prices, ten and twenty cents, the merits of the entertainment should have packed the tent. James Robinson, Whiting Brothers and James B. Stowe will have a position with the new Wards Grand Opera. It is rumored that the friends of Lillian Forest, Mrs. Chastain, Barry and Fay, Mattie Vickery, Nat Goodwin, Fred Astaire, Eddie Lang, Leon Siedler, Gus Williams, George C. Mills and A Parlor Match.

Arena: S. K. Tribby's Dime Circus came 4 for three days to good business.

INGTON Club House, at the Lake. He seems to think that the present season bids fair to be better than any of the past three.

Loly O'Neal, who is known in the profession as Harry La Rose, is spending his vacation here with his wife, who was formerly one of the Caulson Sisters. He will join Tony Pastor 15 for a fourteen weeks' engagement.

P. W. Shadrack, formerly with Stetson's Uncle Tom co. will join Waines' Dramatic co. as advance agent Aug. 15.

LOWELL.

Music Hall is undergoing a thorough renovation. The walls are being retinted, the scenery brightened up, and several new fire-escapes put in and another fire-escape added—so that the old structure will hardly recognize the place when opened 20 and 30; Harry and Fay Sept. 2; Corraine 5-7.

Miller, Stone and Freeman's Circus and Menagerie at ten and twenty cents is billed for 12-13.

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NEBRASKA.

that date to the contrary notwithstanding. All conditions have been 100% with the exception of heat and fuel. Letters from Manager Craig, who is in New York, are received daily and he states that the opening co. is not the only first-class comb. that has been secured.

In the third act of The Mascotte, George Broderick, as Matheo, sings the old "Gershaw song," "Deep Down Within the Cellar Here," which is slightly encored.

The song is beautifully sung.

In the third act of The Mascotte, Edward Temple as Prince Lorenzo appears on the stage with a baseball bat and catcher's mask on his head, while "K. C." in big red letters is emblazoned on the front of his princely rags. His appearance never fails to bring down the house, and the allusion to Kansas City's Western League nine is well taken. The opera runs o/e with long gags.

The report that Manager M. H. Hudson wished to disown the Gillis has been emphatically denied.

Mort H. Craig, who was associated with his brother, Corydon, in the management of the Gillis Opera House last season, and who is now in business in Salina, Kas., will have a position with the new Wards Grand Opera.

It is rumored that the friends of Lillian Forest, Mrs. Chastain, Barry and Fay, are preparing to give her a complimentary benefit at the Nickel Opera House this week. She will have the best wishes of many of our citizens, among whom she has grown to womanhood.

HANNIBAL.

Park Opera House (J. B. Price, manager): Regular season opens 24 with McLain's and Heath's Minstrels. Having been favored with a peep at the bookings I am able to give the following as part of the list: Louis James and Marie Wainwright, Fanny Davenport, Jessie Yeaman, Wilson, and Rankin's Minstrels. Kate Caston, Barry and Fay, Mattie Vickery, Nat Goodwin, Fred Astaire, Eddie Lang, Leon Siedler, Gus Williams, George C. Mills and A Parlor Match.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

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HAKRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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Chamberlain, G. E.	Owen, W. R.
Cooke, J. V.	Oxford, Lillian
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De Young, John G.	Puck Opera Co.
Dillon, Louis	Puck Opera Co.
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Eagan, Louis	Russell, Harold
Ellister, Eddie	Radcliffe, James C.
Evens and Hoyt	Robie, John
Ellis, Lillian	Ridgway, James
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Floyd, Geo.	Stone, E. G.
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Goodwin, N. C.	Sellers, Harry
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Gowdy, Alice	Sullivan, Dan.
Gowdy, T. S.	Slaytor, Joe
Grauer, A. C.	Sydney, Myra
Gribbs Comedy co.	Stuart, W. H.
Goodrich, Emmie	Sinclair, Edith
Gilbert, H.	Selden, Edgar
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Granger, Willis	Thorpe, Edwin
Graves, W. B.	Taylor, Irene
Howard, T. C.	Taggart, Frank D.
Hilli, Charles	Taylor, H. P.
Hodgins, Theo.	Templton, John
Henry, Ada Mgr.	Terry, W. W. Minstrels
Hernandez, Agnes	Truss, D. W.
Hardy, J.	Vaughn, Mabel
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Harwood, Harry	White, Henry S.
Hassancombe, Harry	Wheeler, W. D.
Hill, Hours Co.	Webster, D. B.
Joyce, Beatrice	Whateford, Nelson
Jesse, John	Whitney, Annie
Jones, Louis	Wood, Matthew
Jefferson, Joseph (Mgr.)	Woods, H. S.
Jones, W.	Woods, John Co.
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Kendall, Harry	Wesner, Alie
Kimball, Jessie	Walsh, Katherine
Knight, G. B.	Wells, C. B.
Knowles, Marie (Teig.)	Webster, John
Kenne, Theo. W.	Wier, Elleanor
Kelling, Clara	Ward, W. R.
Kennedy, M. A.	Ward, and Rankin, (Mgr.)
Keenan, Edward	Williams, Gus
Keaton, Harry	Wiggin, Judge
Keene, Mattie	Wright, G. A. (tel. a.)
Keegan, Anthony	Wards, Fred
Lewis, Lillian (Mgr.)	Waller, Emma

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TO NEWSDEALERS AND OTHERS.

Should there be any difficulty in obtaining THE MIRROR at any of the Summer resorts, the publishers will deem it a particular favor to be informed of the fact. Steps will immediately be taken to supply dealers in such places.

Leading Men.

The scarcity of good leading men is a topic that stars and managers discuss every Summer, when the puzzling business of forming companies for the ensuing season is in order. "You can count them on the fingers of one hand!" exclaimed a distinguished actress in the writer's hearing the other day. Of course this was a mere figure of speech, but if the speaker had said there were less than fifty leading men of the first and second rank she would not have been far astray in her estimate.

The same lack does not exist in respect to the female sex. Clever and capable leading women abound on the stage today. Managers find little difficulty in filling positions that require expert and attractive actresses. Why this disparity, wherein the stronger sex figures to such conspicuous disadvantage? While the dramatic profession, beyond all other pursuits, gives to women equal opportunities and emoluments, it does not offer her any special favors that her tattered co-worker does not fully share.

The subject is not only an interesting but an important one, and it furnishes food for serious thought and careful investigation. Before an efficacious remedy can be suggested it is first necessary to secure a correct diagnosis and ascertain the probable cause, or causes, of the difficulty.

It has been suggested, by some that have given the matter consideration, that the lamentable deficiency of gifted, virile and accomplished young leading actors is chiefly due to the absence of progressive dramatic schooling at the present time, time, aggravated by the restricted and conventional tendency of the modern play. It is urged that the decline of the legitimate drama into a condition of sporadic insignificance has deprived the novice of the best method of perfecting himself in the art of dramatic expression; that the virtual abandonment of stock companies has narrowed the field for acquiring experience by healthy discipline and abundant practice; that the "society" play is fatal to histrionic growth and development, and that the combination system has opened the gates of the theatre to a flood of unlearned, mediocre and incompetent persons who have succeeded —with the approval and assistance of a perverted public taste—in lowering the standard of the stage and degrading its art to a state of vacuousness.

There may be truth in any or all of the theories of these vagarious reasoners. But it is somewhat singular that these causes apply only to the diminution of leading men—character and eccentric actors, comedians and all the other lines of business are satisfactorily represented and maintained.

Is it not possible that the trouble lies in the indifference of the young men of the stage to qualify themselves for the work required of them? Is it not likely that there would be more competent leading men if they would turn their attention to perfecting themselves in the graces and accomplishments common to the class of society which they are so often called upon to enter in the play of to-day? Is there, in short, sufficient consideration given to good taste in dress, speech and manners by the ambitious recruits of the stage?

We believe there is more collective dramatic talent among our young men than among those of England, where wooden stolidity and *blase* repression are the ruling fads in acting. And yet English leading men are in constant demand here, and many an obscure player comes from over seas to find fame and fortune in the States. Why? Because, as a class, their manners are distinguished by a polish and refinement that go to cover up other deficiencies and make their public efforts agreeable and effective. They may be cads at bottom in some instances, but they can assume the port of gentlemen together with such other accomplishments as are outwardly suitable to the portraiture of the "society" play.

Some actors were made to wear tights—more were made to wear trousers. Booth, Salvini, Rossi or Barrett would seem strangely incongruous were either to appear before an audience in a modern piece and modern clothes. So, *per contra*, there are many players whose paths lie in less lofty places that would reach a point of sheer absurdity were they to don the dusky clawhammer and white cravat of the full-dress drama and don doublet and hose. As it is the nature of some men to carry with them a suggestion of the club and drawing-room, so is it the gift of other men to take us into the misty, poetic periods of the past. The former are essentially adapted to the needs of the contemporaneous comedy or drama.

Too many of our native leading men imagine that they can impart *vis-a-vis* to society roles without possessing that air of good breeding which they absolutely require. Many a man with the rugged speech and garb of a cowboy may at heart be more of a gentleman than another who is the glass of fashion and the mould of form. In real life a man may be a nobleman in top-boots and a *sombrero*; while, on the other hand, the most particular customer of Bell and Dunlap may be an infamous blackguard. But on the

stage, where the moral character of the player is subordinated to the character personated, the possession of outward graces is often needed. Our women possess these graces in an eminent degree—our men do not.

But they should acquire them. Only in rare cases will crude talent triumph over bad manners and the vocal inflections that betoken vulgarity. How often do we see men mixing in the aristocratic circles of stage society who would not be tolerated for one moment in a real drawing-room because of their ignorance or defiance of all those minor customs that form the background of social intercourse. Given equal advantages in this respect, and our supply of leading men would be large enough to exclude the second-rate imported articles that by virtue of superior manners and greater familiarity with polite usages now easily achieve a foothold here. We have plenty of men with talent to depict the polite heroes of the current play, but until they have made themselves presentable in respect to deportment and etiquette and established an ease and grace of bearing that will be a passport to the favor of the most refined and exacting assemblage of spectators they will remain inadequate.

Beauty and Dramatic Art.

If there is one function which entitles THE MIRROR to be rated as a dramatic journal, it is to discern and recognize beauty as adjudged by the strictest rules of art. To furnish its subjects there is constantly passing before it in review those who are accounted the most elegant and *debonnaire* of the fair sex. These, on a judicious selection, may be accepted as models and ensamples of what is most pleasing to the eye and to the *esprit de corps*. By contemplating the true ideals of comeliness is cultivated a practical judgment that bestows the award which Paris was called centuries ago to allot to the loveliest of his time.

The intelligent reader may therefore easily understand the disturbance of our equanimity by the absurd and random misuse by current newspapers of encomiums and flattering epithets of all sorts of feminine truck which comes to their market. As evidence of the utterly factitious character of these beautifying descriptions, we may refer to a summary made by a close observer of the style in which a female fugitive who is wanted is described in the "hue and cry" of some half a dozen papers. One sets her forth as "tall, dark and not pretty;" another, "a beautiful young woman with light brown hair;" another as "a slim and pale blonde;" a fourth as "a blonde not particularly possessing—with manners of women of a low class;" the fifth as "a tall, refined blonde." No. 6 puts in "a comely young woman with blonde hair, a neat figure, richly dressed."

This mode of treating the subject corresponds with the free-and-easy portrait of feminine elopers, kleptomaniacs and others of the sex who become subjects of newspaper reports. Every slavey and scatterwit who escapes from her father's house by the back-door or over the back-fence is accredited as an heiress, a member of a wealthy family, and a Venus in personal attractions. As tricky tradesmen pass upon the outside public their shabby wares with flaming tickets and placards, so are those feminine assets foisted upon the market labelled with sham introductions. And such is the influence of this sort of auctioneering that the constant reference to the salatory maidens and decalogue-defying matrons that the imagination of greenhorns inflamed and they swallow the mess as very relishing.

There is no doubt that women are a power in the land, and that when travelling their own circuit they are irresistible. In the wife of our Chief Magistrate, rather euphuistically and invidiously epitheted as "the first lady of the land," we have no doubt a most worthy exemplar of feminine excellence in character and person. No less may we find in other walks, and what is also public life, ornaments of the sex who grace the stations they occupy. We refer to the actresses specially, as becomes us, because their beauty is not a superficial mask, but is the outgrowth, in a measure, of their profession and the culture that attends it. They carry the charm.

The dictum of a veteran contributor to THE MIRROR, that any woman is handsome if you look at her long enough, may perhaps partly explain the fascination of the ladies of the stage, who are steadily contemplated for hours, when eye and soul are engrossed with them, and all the sentiment and faculty in the beholder is engaged in their behalf. The corollary of our observant friend may be attacked

when he avers that in riding in an omnibus he has more than once noted that a female who appeared unpromising when the stage was at a standstill, acquired an animated and really attractive face as it got under headway.

So may it be, in its beauty-developing power, with the stage of the theatre, where motion and expedition impart life and influence to the fair performer. The world needs handsome women to illuminate and cheer it, and when beauty announces good heart, noble ambition and the graces of a spirit pure and lofty, art has no worthier exponent and no better claimant for its homage.

Personal.

BYRNE—Bessie Byrne is in the city and sojourning at the Aberdeen.

SANGER—Frank W. Sanger sailed from England on Saturday last on the *Ettruria*.

WHITE—Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. White leave for Chicago on Saturday of this week.

MURPHY—Joseph Murphy is at Moosehead Lake, Me., engaged in his favorite sport.

CLAXTON—Kate Claxton presents a brand-new play in Newark during the week of Sept. 5.

JANSEN—Marie Jansen returns to her post as Javotte in *Ermine* at the Casino on August 29.

HEALY—Mrs. J. R. Healy has been engaged for a prominent role in C. E. Verner's *Shamus O'Brien*.

BENEFIT—The baseball game among the actors for the benefit of Rachel Booth netted about \$600.

KEAN—Emily Kean is having some showy costumes made for her part in *Julia in Le Voyage en Suisse*.

MULLALY—W. S. Mullaly, leader at Dockstader's, has arrived in the city after a five weeks' sojourn at Newport.

EAGLE—O. W. Eagle has been re-engaged as leading support for Helen Adell. He is summering at Binghamton, N. Y.

LYON—Esther Lyon, a pretty and promising young actress, has been engaged as leading lady for Fred Bryant in *Forgiven*.

DAVENPORT—Eva Davenport, prima donna soprano, is at liberty after a successful Summer opera engagement in St. Louis.

MURPHY—J. S. Murphy is rusticking at his home on Staten Island. He occasionally brightens the Square by his presence.

MITCHELL—Julian Mitchell has blossomed out as a vocalist since he began to play the *Victim of Circumstances in A Hole in the Ground*.

IRVING—Isabella Irving is re-engaged with Rosina Vokes' company. She appears in *Gwynne's Oath* at the Windsor Theatre next week.

RUSSELL—Negotiations are under way with Lillian Russell to appear as She in the *Gillette-Hayman* production of the dramatization of the novel.

FARRON—The recent accident to T. J. Farron will not interfere with the opening of his season on August 29. He is on his feet and rapidly improving.

YOUNG—William H. Young has been engaged as stage manager for Mrs. Langtry. He was with the lady in that capacity during her first tour of America.

VAN DOREN—Augusta Van Doren, who has been summering in Burlington, Vt.,

The Usher.



Meet him who can? The ladies call him, sweet—Lover's Lass's Lover.

Harry Miner told me with some elation the other day that he had secured five weeks for Mrs. James Brown Potter at the Fifth Avenue, beginning Saturday, Oct. 29. The general public—or, at all events, the portion of it that sits in the boxes, parquet and balcony—will have to cool their curiosity until the Monday following, for besides the press, the house will be filled on the opening night by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt's family and friends. Mr. Vanderbilt has bespoken all the seats, I am informed, and the monopolistic millionaire will accordingly greet Mrs. Potter with the largest as well as the most brilliant theatre-party on record.

Miner listens blandly to the gruesome pessimists that foretell disaster for the Potter tour and says nothing. He hasn't lost a particle of grit on account of the discouraging reports floating over the ocean. He is never enthusiastic beforehand, preferring to await results and do his chancelling when the season and its uncertainties are at an end. Miner is spending a good deal of money on the Rankin Macbeth production at Niblo's. Scenery, costumes and all the accessories are to be strikingly rich and costly. The manager doesn't cry up the art side of the affair. "It will be a very original Macbeth, anyway," he says, "and I know it will either prove a big winner or a dismal and disastrous slump. I think it is going to tickle the masses, and that's what we're after."

A good many professionals have heard of the air-ship that Helmer, the wig-maker, has fondly dreamed of one day cleaving the azure with. It has been the ambition of his life to secure a trial of his idea. He has worked and struggled and suffered disappointments innumerable, as all inventors must, and one of the penalties of his effort to solve the problem of aerial navigation has been his relegation to the category of cranks. But now, I am glad to hear, Helmer's invention stands a good chance of becoming known and enlisting the aid of capitalists. The current number of the *Phrenological Journal* has a long illustrated article on the subject, and the September issue of the *Home Knowledge Magazine* will contain a kindred paper. The editors of these periodicals are scientific experts, and their help will no doubt give Helmer the opportunity of testing the practicability of his scheme.

Marshall P. Wilder is due here to-day, having finished his season in London and sailed for our side last week by the *City of Rome*. Wilder will at once make a brief tour of the watering-places, where many of his friends and patrons are sojourning at present.

District Messenger No. 1222 is evidently a bright lad. He has boomed the Frohman-Sothern combine nobly since setting foot on Albion's shores. He has delivered his souvenirs, succeeded in getting himself arrested for violating the English postal laws, patted Buffalo Bill on the back and given an extra burnish to the brilliant Wild West, and now embraces a histrionic career, according to the following cablegram, which reached me Tuesday:

London, August 9, 1887.

Frohman's messenger-boy has helped our business along immensely. He plays a fine act of *Shadows of a Great City* at the *Princess*, and is creating a genuine sensation every night. W. W. KELLY.

If this sort of thing keeps on that boy will get back to New York next Christmas—in which case he will have preserved the reputation of the service for promptness and dispatch.

There having been some doubt expressed in print as to the genuineness of this same Messenger 1222, the general manager of the Mutual District Company sends me the following statement:

New York, August 8, 1887.
I beg to state that Messenger 1222 was engaged by this company as a messenger Sept. 15, 1886, and re-signed Jan. 11, 1887. He was subsequently re-engaged. Application having been made to me for a suitable boy to make the trip to London for the *Lyceum*, I recommended Messenger 1222, Master Hanger. Terms having been agreed upon, this company equipped the boy for this journey, furnishing, as is usual, its regular uniform. Yours truly, W. W. KELLY.

Osmond Tearle, by the death of his first wife, is relieved of the burden of paying heavy alimony. Mr. Tearle came to town the other day to see what disposition would be made of the children, and found that under the English law the mother had left them by will to the care of a friend.

Mr. Tearle and his lovely wife (Minnie Con-

wav) are a model of happy domesticity. The atmosphere of their home is ideal in its sweetness and harmony. Tearle is a faultless *father familial* and one of the most hospitable men God ever made. Mrs. Tearle is a loving wife and mother, and nobody comes into her presence without feeling the charm of her unaffected kindness and womanly sincerity. These people were made for each other—that is plain to be seen. If there were more husbands like Tearle and more wives like Minnie Conway the allurements of matrimony would prove irresistible to the most confirmed misanthrope.

Mrs. Tony Hart called on me yesterday to deny the report, printed in the *Times* and a number of other papers, that her husband has been placed in an asylum for the insane. She says that the rumor was originated by malicious persons who wished to do Mr. Hart an injury. I printed the story, my readers will remember, as "a vague newspaper report." So far as the matter appended is concerned, I had, and still have, excellent authority for my statement. I am glad to be able to contradict the account of Mr. Hart's incarceration and to learn that his condition in no way demands his being placed under restraint. He has been in New York for five weeks, except for short visits to Rye, Worcester and near-by places. Mrs. Hart assures me that his brain is active and that, aside from his impaired speech, she sees no change for the worse in him. I trust that the doctors will be found to be wrong in their diagnosis of his case, and that Mr. Hart is suffering only from paralysis of the tongue and vocal chords.

The Pastoral Players.

MANCHESTER BY THE SEA. AUGUST 8, 1887.

The comedy is over and crowd are lounging about the spacious piazza of the Masconomo House discussing the features of the event. The actors feel vastly relieved, for they anticipated the unusual greensward performance with genuine anxiety, and now that it is ended and everything went off smoothly and satisfactorily they are giving themselves up to frolic and Mrs. Booth's good cheer.

It was really funny to observe the nervousness of such tried and trusty old players as Tearle, Robson, Boniface, Ross Coghlan, the Conways and Mrs. Booth. Everybody, in fact, was in a dreadful state of funk beforehand at the prospect of "acting out" in the bright sunshine, without any of the familiar and reassuring surroundings of the theatre.

Tearle had eaten nothing for two days; Lillian Conway said, "I know I shall die"; Miss Coghlan was afraid she would look a fright without make-up, but thanked the Lord that nature had put her in a position to treat symmetricals with scorn.

But the tension is relaxed and the whole cast is happy. Only Mayo has remained imperious throughout. A rehearsal was

called for twelve o'clock—the first and only one on the grounds. When Jacques' speeches were reached, Mayo drove the others wild by giving them with the precision and deliberation of an actual performance, interpolating the lines with lectures on their correct emphasis and inflection. At the slow rate things were going this educational prelude would have consumed the rest of the day. Everybody was in a fever. Stage Manager Willie Seymour put on his sweetest smile and in his most seductive accents said to Mayo:

"My dear Mr. Mayo, we are all greatly edified, but—you won't mind my saying it, will you?—we expect to play at half after three, and unless you stop explaining we will be late."

"Better no performance at all," replied Mr. Mayo, serenely, "than insufficient rehearsal." Mr. Seymour wilted and the rest put out in their ears.

On the morning and noon train crowds arrived from Boston. A New York delegation came upon the scene by the "special." Tearle entertained a number at his hospitable house. The rest took pot-luck at the Masconomo, where food was at a premium and people slept on the billiard tables the night before. Mrs. Lyland, Laura Bellini, Mary H. Fiske, Harry Miner, Edward Aronson, Dr. T. S. Robertson and Mr. Chatterton were among the Gothamite visitors.

Pride's Crossing, Beverly Farms, Marblehead and all the surrounding watering-places emptied themselves of their smallest inhabitants. Tally Ho, yachts and vehicles of every sort and condition brought fresh relays, until the capacity of Manchester was tested to the uttermost. John Gilbert created a veritable sensation by buying one seat and paying \$5 for it without a murmur. Evidently he has become a convert to the Fund's motto, "Charity finds ever in the act reward." William Winter, of the *Tribune*, and his bright son, Percy, were early in the field. Winter captured the wires and monopolized the one operator, compelling the other New York writers to send their despatches down to Boston. The *Times* had a particularly fresh individual here as its special representative. The *World*, *Herald* and most of the other dailies have sent second-class men. No dramatic journal except *The Mirror* had a representative present at the performance.

The versatile Max Elliot (Mrs. Elliot) has been breaking hearts and gathering news for the *Boston Herald* since daylight. The performance began a little after half past three. The audience (which represented \$3,000) sat on the lawn beneath two adjoining

marques of large proportions. Across a board-wall the players straddled their little hour. The audience was notably distinguished in a social point of view. The Governor of the State and a party of ladies were interested observers. The women were handsomely dressed, and they lent brilliance and animation to the scene. The sky was cloudless. The faint murmur of the waves on the beach not far distant filled the balmy air with a restful sound. The sun shone somewhat hotly on the performers, but before the piece came to an end it had sunk below the Western hills and the last line was spoken in a pleasant twilight. Trees and shrubs had been transplanted to make the Forest of Arden ("Weeds of Arden," some sardonic spectator called it), and though the boughs were far from melancholy, they served to form a pretty and somewhat picturesque background.

Of the acting in *As You Like It* little need be said, as the occasion offers better scope for description than for criticism. Although the words were distinctly heard, the finer points were well-nigh lost. The representation was smooth, but it cannot be called artistic. It owed its interest to its complete novelty rather than to any advantage over an indoor performance. The realm of acting does not agree with the reality of nature. A theatrical representation in a real landscape must needs be incongruous. Art, which in its purity takes the higher place, becomes frivolous and puny when in mingled with actuality in any form.

Suffice it to say that the actors overcame the disadvantages of their paradoxical situation so far as they were able, and united in the endeavor to interest and please the somewhat passive spectators.

Mrs. Booth's Audrey made a hit and Lillian Conway sang Amiens' music charmingly. Mr. Tearle was a picture of sturdy, handsome manhood, and he acted Orlando with that directness, simplicity and vigor for which he is noted. Mr. Mayo's Jaques was chiefly remarkable for its ponderous whimsicality. Miss Coghlan's Rosalind is so well known that no comment is needed beyond the statement that she looked very well and spoke the lines clearly, if not always appreciatively. Minnie Conway's Celia was a gem in its way. Were I to pass judgment collectively I should say it redeemed all the faults of the representation. Robson's dry method suited Touchstone of course, and Billy Crane made William an interesting personage for the first time within our recollection. He had been letting the sun make up his face to a bumpkin red for several weeks aboard the trim schooner-yacht that swung at anchor in Manchester Harbor. Frazer Coulter, Maida Craigen, Fred Conway, the Bonifaces, senior and junior, Harry Meredith and the rest strove hard and generally successfully to fill the minor roles to the audience's satisfaction.

The symphonic orchestra under Braham's direction and an octette composed of Boston ideals and other singers of reputation made the music a delightful feature of the afternoon. The glee, "What shall he have who killed the deer?" was rendered with fine effect, the well-natured voices sounding most harmoniously in the open air.

Following is the full cast:

The Banished Duke.	Mark Price
Duke Frederick.	Frazer Coulter
Amiens.	Lillian Conway
Jaques.	Frank Mayo
Le Beauvais.	B. F. Conway
Touchstone.	Charles Abbott
Jaques De Lantis.	George C. Connelly Jr.
Orlando.	Osmond Tearle
Adam.	George C. Boniface
Charles the Wrestler.	Harry Meredith
William.	W. H. Crane
Touchstones.	Stuart Robson
Sylvius.	Arthur Falkland
Corin.	George A. Schiller
Lord.	C. Bradlee
Kosciusko.	Rose Coghlan
Celia.	Minnie Conway
Phoebe.	Maida Craigen
Audrey.	Agnes Booth-Schoeffel

The air resounds with the horns of the departing four-in-hand; Miss Coghlan is receiving congratulations from her admirers and giving a flower from her numerous baskets to each; Mr. Miner is drinking soda-lemonades with Dr. Robertson and a choice coterie of Boston friends; knives and forks are clattering in the big dining-room; the New Yorkers are preparing to speed back with their pastoral memories to the confines of the best place on earth. The prospect is that Manchester and the Masconomo will return to their wonted serenity some time before morning. The day's work has been a grand one in one respect, if in no other. Mrs. Booth and her professional assistants can congratulate themselves on having raised the largest sum of money the Actors' Fund has received in many a month.

When the grass on the lawn will have withered and the leaves of the impromptu Forest of Arden will have been ruthlessly swept away by the bleak winds of November, the efforts of these generous actors on this beautiful Summer day will be remembered with fervent gratitude by many a pinched and starving professional, by many a poor wasted sufferer in a sick room or a hospital ward.

H. G. F.

Handed Down by the Judge.

Since its first production, in Saratoga, last May, my new comedy, *The Judge*, has been carefully gone over by its author, T. W. King, and materially strengthened," said Odell Williams, the comedian, to a *MIRROR* reporter the other day. "The trial performances—as all such performances do—led to more or less discussion, among those interested, as to what

improvements could be made. A new play in which no blemishes could be found at a first production would be nothing short of a miracle. The few defects in *The Judge* have been remedied by Mr. King during the Summer. The author, by the way, while not unknown in the field of dramatic writing, is better known in the walks of literature. He is the author of several novels and plays, and has written a history of Saratoga (his home) and its environs.

"*The Judge* is a genuine comedy, with not the least tinge of the farcical. Judge Elton—the star role—is a chivalric old Southerner, and as a stage picture is nothing akin to the exaggerated type, seen in so many plays, of a shooter and whiskey-drinker. While *The Judge* is a very humorous part, and to a certain degree comic in make-up, it is invested with touches of pathos here and there. The five principal members of the support have been carefully selected and given roles of almost equal comedy prominence, while the remaining four deal with the serious interest. So far we have engaged E. J. Ratcliffe, Horace Dawson, M. J. Thomas, Andy Cullom, John Redding, Adelaide Alexander, Adelaide Thornton and Mrs. R. O'Neill—not forgetting myself, the Judge.

"We have had many dramas depicting scenes of cotton-picking. In *The Judge* will be seen a cotton-gin in full operation—which will be something of a novelty, as diligent inquiry does not disclose that such a feature has as yet attended a dramatic production. We open at Bristol, Ct., on Sept. 3, and then play three nights in Albany. Our first week stand will be Baltimore, Sept. 26. Altogether our business manager, J. H. Adams, at Taylor's Exchange, has booked twelve weeks' time."

The Florences in New Roles.

W. J. Florence's company began rehearsals on Monday at the Standard Theatre where a *MIRROR* reporter recently saw the veteran comedian.

"We shall open our season on Aug. 27 at the Dubois Theatre, a new house at Elgin, Ill.," he said in response to the scribe's questioning. "most probably in *The Mighty Dollar*, and on Aug. 29 we shall begin an engagement of two weeks at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, opening in *Our Guv'nor*, and probably doing my new play, *Charles Gayler's Uncle Bob*, the second week. This play is not a Western drama, but a four-act comedy in which I play the role of a cattle king who gets rich in the mines and then buys a ranch. When a boy I am supposed to have run away from home, gone West and become wealthy, as I've already explained. I am educating the daughter of an old partner who had been killed by road agents. She is in fashionable society in New York, and the scenes take place at the home of my brother, who is a wealthy banker there. I come on from the West to see how my adopted daughter is getting along."

"Mrs. Florence is my brother's sister-in-law, the widow of a major in the army. A number of very funny scenes lay between us. She affects military airs on account of her dead husband's position, and my rough, good-natured ways please her, for of course we fall in love. One of the banker's confidential clerks is about to marry my brother's daughter—my niece—and I save her by discovering that this clerk, who is the villain of the play, has forced the combination of the bank safe. Of course everything ends happily. Mrs. Florence and myself have never before had characters like these to portray, and we are well pleased with them as well as sanguine of success. Our company is an entirely new one, and includes Helen Winsor, Margaret Leigh, Belle Pearson, Mr. Montague, Mrs. Bell, Charles J. Bell, Harry W. Emmett, stage manager; J. J. Fitzsimmons, John Swinburne, Henry Pearson, C. Wells and Harry Reeves. W. T. Elliott will continue as my manager, while Albert Haynes goes as advance. Our season will last thirty weeks or so, up to April, anyhow, and we shall go no further West than Lincoln, Neb. Probably we shall come to New York in the Winter."

"I have just received the three-act comedy which I bought in England, entitled *Our Silver Wedding*. It is by Edward Rose and Frederick Willing, and its scenes are laid in England. It is full of fun and good situations, and I shall do it as soon as I can get it under way. We have two eccentric comedy parts in it; mine is that of horse-racing swell, while Mrs. Florence has a congenial role."

Gossip of the Town.

Salsbury's Troubadours will play *The Humming Bird* next season. They are booked to play New York in the Autumn.

Charles Burnham arrived in the city on Monday, after a long vacation at Lake Sunapee, N. H., and is again at his post at the Star Theatre.

Henry F. Greene has been engaged to go in advance of Harry Wilson's *Home Run* company, which opens its season at Oshkosh on Sept. 5.

The author and three of the company engaged to appear in *The Great Pink Pearl* at the Lyceum Theatre, sail for this country on August 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Meldom (Minnie Risquelle) have been engaged for the company supporting J. B. Studley in *A Great Wrong*. The company is now complete.

Inez Pereire is in the city and disengaged. She is convalescent from a narrow escape from death by poisoning, having been overdoes with medicine for a severe cold.

George M. Baker, of Boston, has just completed a new four-act comedy drama for Edwin Browne. It is entitled *Old Comrades*; but the title smacks of having been used before.

Will J. Duffy has gone to Niagara Falls in advance of Lizzie Evans, who plays there on August 15, preparatory to opening the season at Havlin's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 20th.

Howe Robbins has been engaged by Edward D. Price to play Sir Danvers Carey in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, rehearsals of which begin at the Madison Square Theatre on Wednesday next.

Joseph Palmer, who will be remembered as the quaint old farmer in *Neil Burgess' Vim*, has secured rights to *The Widow Bedott*. Mr. Palmer's season will begin at *Tony Pastor's Theatre* next Monday night.

Henry Miller, who was Clara Morris' leading man last season, and R. R. Graham, who is to be her leading man this season, will be seen together in the coming production of *Held by the Enemy* at the Star Theatre.

Frank G. Cotter, formerly manager of Joseph Polk, and who had but recently buried his father in Philadelphia, returned from Reading, where he has been stopping all Summer, on Monday, and is now ready to resume work.

Charles O. White, the new manager of the Standard Theatre, Chicago, has booked the house solid for the season. He will remain in Chicago about two months, and then return to Detroit to look after his Opera House there. There are only a few nights open at this house.

Joseph Mack left the city on Monday night to spend a few days in recreation with his star, Robert Downing, at Pawtuxet River, near Washington. Mr. Mack reports himself delighted over the remarkably strong company which he has secured for Mr. Downing's support.

Joseph Polk returned to the city on Friday last, after a visit to his mining property, the Philadelphia Mines

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

with Chimes of Normandy, in which they were not so successful as in The Marquis of Rivoli.

Sells Brothers' Circus gave two performances to a tremendous crowd—in fact, the tents could not accommodate the crowds in the evening and the doors were closed. The show itself was not up to the usual standard.

All the places of amusement are closed, getting ready for their openings, which occur the latter part of this month or first week in September. Opening attractions not yet decided upon.

LACROSSE.

McMillan Opera House (Truesdale and Hankerson, managers): Rhea presented Pygmalion and Galatea 5, to a full house. The weather has taken a change for the better, and our theatre-going is up for patronizing a fine performance. The stage will be dark until 30, when Hawley's Minstrels hold the boards.

EAU CLAIRE.

Opera House (J. E. Cass, manager): The long spell of absence was broken by Mile. Rhea, who presented Pygmalion and Galatea to a small but well pleased house.

CANADA.

TORONTO.

The Templeton Opera Co.'s performances at the Horticultural Pavilion on merited much larger gatherings than have been accorded so far. The co. is composed of good material, and as they are to remain all this week and produce such operettas as The Mikado, Olivette and the Mascotte it is safe to predict good houses, as the press and public both like the manager and every member of his company. Harris, George, Travener, Allie, Wheeler and Douglas Flint are the leading male members, while Lulu Stephens, Hattie Starr and Alice Vane head the list of the opposite sex.

The Mikado on Wednesday and Thursday was well put on, both in dress and scenery. The latter was difficult to show to advantage, owing to the limited stage space.

The Grand and Toronto both open the Fall season next week, the former on the 4th, with Sol Smith Russell and the latter on the 6th, with Michael Strooff. From the bookings so far we shall have our share of first-class attractions. There will be a keen rivalry between O. B. and C. S. this season. Both are enterprising managers. The Toronto, no doubt, has made more money since Mr. Jacob, of large circuit fame, has associated himself with it.

Great good many alterations have been made in both theatres during the summer.

Signor Liberali, the celebrated cornetist, has been entertaining the visitors to Hanlan's Island for the last week.

Bartram is booked for latter part of month.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of travelling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

ALONG IN LONDON Co.: Burlington, Vt., Sept. 10.

A NIGHT OUT Co.: Eastport, Me., 15, Calais 16, Old Town 17, Bangor 18, Bucksport 19, Belfast 20, Water-ville 22, Skowhegan 23, Hallowell 24, Gardiner 25.

AGNES ROBERTSON: St. Paul 26, week.

ARTHUR REHAN Co.: Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 7-8.

ADAMS-BEEMER Co.: Ottawa, Ill., 8, week, Lassalle 15-16, Rockford 17, 20, 23, 26, 29, 32, 35, 38, 41, 44, 47, 50, Bloomington 52, week.

AGUSTA VAN DOREN: Providence 29, week.

ARABIAN NIGHTS Co.: Chicago June 27-Sept. 3.

APHRODITE Co.: Boston 1, two weeks.

AGNES HERNDON: Joliet, Ill., 29.

ADA GRAY: SYRACUSE 29, week.

BELLA MOORE: Rockville, Ind., 15.

BENJ. MAGOFFIN: Hoboken, 29.

BERT AND FAY: Boston 15, two weeks; Lowell, Mass., 16, 19, Holyoke 5.

C. A. Gardner: Indianapolis 22, week.

CLIVE: Brooklyn Sept. 12.

CHIP O' THE OLD BLOCK Co.: Columbus, O., 29.

DEVIL'S AUCTION: Portland, Ore., 21.

DION BOUCQUAULT: San Francisco 22, three weeks.

DOMINIE'S ADAGIO: City of N. Y., 23, week.

DOLLY'S CO.: New York 23, week.

DOLLY'S CO.: San Francisco July 18-August 20.

DOLLOS (Speciale): Philadelphia Sept. 1.

E. H. SOTHERN: Washington 31.

ESTHER LYNN: Chillicothe, 8, week.

EVIE KELLER: Long Branch, N. J., 31.

EDWARD GOODMAN: Alton, Kas., 8, week.

EDWARD SINGER Co.: Clinton, N. J., Sept. 1.

EDWARD F. THOMAS: San Francisco, July 23, four weeks.

FRANK DANIELS: Syracuse 21.

FLOY CROWELL: Augusta, Me., 15, week, Lewiston 22,

GEORGE L. NASH: N. H., 29, week, Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 5, week, Lowell 12, week.

FRANK MAY: Buffalo 15, week, Chicago 22, week, Kansas City 25, week.

FRED WATSON: N. Y. City 15, week.

FANTASIA: Toronto, Sept. 5.

FRANK FEYER: Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 5.

FELTON-COMMER Co.: E. Saginaw, Mich., 8, week.

FOR HUTCH 15, week, Flint 26, week.

FRED BRYTON: Attleboro, Mass., no. Boston 22, week, Lowell 20-21.

FLORINE BURDLE: Newark, N. J., 29, week.

FRONTIER CO.: Cincinnati 22, week.

GUTHRIE'S OATH Co.: N. Y. City 15, week.

GRISMER-DAY Co.: San Francisco 15, two weeks.

GOLDEN GIANT Co.: Olean, N. Y., 21, Hornellville 18, week.

GEORGE C. MILK: Bismarck, Dak., 15, Fargo 16, Valley City 17, Crookston 18, Grand Forks 19-20, Winnipeg 22, week.

GRANAH-EGGLE Co.: Homer, Ill., 15, week, Champaign 16, Rockford 17, 20, 23, 26, 29.

HELEN BYTHIE: Richmond, Va., 27.

HOLE IN THE GROUND Co.: Providence 29, week, N. Y. City Sept. 12, week.

HENRY DRAMATIC Co.: Plattsburgh, N. Y., 15, week, Springfield, Mass., 29, week.

HENRY CHAMPION: Philadelphia 29, week, Boston, Sept. 5, week.

HENRY ADLER: Holyoke, Mass., 29.

HESSEN: THE ENEMY: N. Y. City, 29.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE Co.: San Francisco July 21, five weeks.

HELEN ADLER: Binghamton, N. Y., 1, two weeks.

HEYNS COMEDY Co.: G. W. Neb., 20-21, 28, 31.

HOBSON'S OATH Co.: N. Y. City 15, week.

The Actresses' Corner.



Short, jaunty, snug fitting jackets of billiard cloth will be very prevalent this Fall. (Billiard cloth is Lincoln-green color.) They are lined with crimson silk or satin, and buttoned with rather large carved ivory or bone buttons. Plenty of pockets and a truly masculine cut finish the garment, which will be worn with standing collar, white tie and white vest. They are as conspicuous as the scarlet jackets and have a richer look. Red waists, red jerseys and red coats are very cheap and tawdry appearing things, no matter what they cost or of what material they are made.

Something has to be done with the carriages in use this Winter, or ladies will be round-shouldered and have stiff necks. All our feathers and adornments, perched high on our hats, are being broken up by the roofs of cabs and coaches. Birds lose their tails sweeping off the ceilings of vehicles, and flowers lose their petals and inside works. Wings take flight and feathers fly. The only way to save our head-gear is to ride about with heads bent in devotional attitude. One hour passed in this position will give one a violent pain-like spinal meningitis.

To maintain an unnatural pose for a few minutes will show the healthiest woman how she'll feel if she ever goes wrong inside.

I rode six blocks in a crowded stage on the lookout for some forgotten glove-place, and sitting squarely on a bit of the seat, and twisting round above the hips to look out the window, when I landed I was satisfied I had Bright's disease, the liver complaint and spinal affection, and didn't need gloves half as much as a doctor. Took a hansom back up town to consult a surgeon; found I couldn't sit upright without mashing my hat; so rode the rest of the trip with my head bowed forward to save my feathers, and added spinal meningitis to the complication of diseases.

The new hats are mere little close-fitting shells with verdure and plumage perched aloft. A lady home last week from Paris brought the very latest styles. One hat had two regular fans of beaded lace meeting like a gable roof on top. Sitting on the ridge, pole were a row of tiny, showy tropical birds, and shaking and trembling on a spiral wire was another of the flock just going to alight with his mates. This was a lively hat to take into a carriage. A second poetical creation was a black lace frame covered with honeysuckle flowers, and hovering over it, trembling on the spiral spring busness were several gorgeous golden bees. Mr. Bees would be knocked off on the first block if Madame takes that hat into a cab or coupe on her head.

The other night a friend started for the theatre in a hansom. Her hat had for ornament a superb bunch of grapes, laid, as usual, on top. She heard a crackling and felt her poor hat colliding with the roof of the cab. When she reached the theatre she found the fragile grapes had been crushed to shining scales of painted glass, and gobs of cotton wool wound on wires that had been their filling, was all that remained of the vintage she had started with.

"How industrious you are!" said Maria to a fashionable lady on the piazza of the Grand at Saratoga. The lady was knitting incessantly.

"My manicure recommends it," returned the young person. "It not only displays her work beautifully, but makes my hands white as milk. Hold the hands well up, and the elevation and the motion tend to keep the blood out of your fingers."

This information has got abroad, for the girls are practising it. Some of them are too idle to knit, so they sit with their hands up and twirl a flower or twist their fragmentary lace handkerchiefs.

Maria also learned that a very becoming blush can be got up in a moment by a lady with a dog in her lap. One girl sits and flirts there on the piazza at Saratoga by the hour, and does the most delightful little blushes possible. Gentleman says some complimentary thing; girl says, "How can you?" or, "You shan't talk so;" dives down with her nose on Florry's back and holds her breath very hard a few seconds. When she lifts her face it is red with a fine rush of blood to the head. West corsets are very tight this effect is produced immediately.

Av sea if the girls go on as they've begun th', there is no doubt that every em-

can be faithfully portrayed on the countenance next Summer without so much as noticing what the conversation is about—only just enough to know that a blush would look well at such a time, or a little parlor should attend such a communication, or a sudden fit of trembling would enhance one's charm at another.

Maria says there's nothing flatters a man so much as to see a girl flutter a little if he takes her hand. She knows one girl who can get up a tremble in a second, and the men fairly dote on her. They think she's overpowered with emotion at their bare proximity. Whereas, it wouldn't stir a pulse of hers if they fell all to pieces before her very eyes.

It's rather early to determine what will be worn in the world of fashion this Winter; but it's well enough to gather information as to such little things as I have told you about; for the cold, statuesque woman, icily null, with level fronting eyelids, or the baby stare, is going out. Sudden claspings of the hands—what they call gusts of emotion, transitions of feeling—are coming in. It's going to interfere with the make-up, that's sure. Emotion and cosmetics do not aid each other.

You should have seen the girls when Bel- le went to England this Summer. Two of 'em came over the gang-plank after yielding to their feelings, and I vow their faces looked like that pink and grey striped stuff they make pajamas of. That Faed Indian doesn't help matters at all. A woman is a fright when she gets shaded down about the nostrils, and that stuff will creep with the slightest emotion.

Maria's right. We should pick up every item that will produce an outward effect without a particle of sensibility inside; it's the only safe way.

Frou-Frou.

Henrietta Vaders is at liberty. At present she is at Park Terrace, Philadelphia.

Minnie Maddern will produce Robert Griffin Morris's comedy, Coquette, in Detroit on August 29.

The members of Dockstader's Minstrels are called for rehearsal at the home house on August 22 at 2 A.M.

Ada Gilman is at liberty for the season. She is at present in the city. So clever an actress should not be long disengaged.

Wright Huntington returned to the city from New Orleans last week. He has had two or three offers, but has accepted nothing as yet.

J. C. Kenny has been engaged as musical director for We, Us & Co. He had been engaged for Frank Daniels' Little Pick, but was released at his own request.

Minnie Maddern, in Caprice, will christen the new Opera House at Hanover, Pa., on Sept. 12. This will be the theatrical event of the season in Hanover.

Howard E. Laing, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, got up an artistic souvenir itinerary for the trip across the continent of Ada Rehan, James Lewis, John Drew and the rest of the organization to which they belong.

Roland Reed's company will comprise Alice Hastings, Annie Lewis (soubrette), Bessie Hunter, Ferd. Hight, A. C. Deltwyn, H. A. Smith, W. C. Andrews, W. W. Plum, Julian Reed, F. Tyler; Gus Gebert, musical conductor; Harry Hine, advance agent, and E. Jack, acting manager.

The following is the complete company engaged by A. B. Anderson to support Henry Chanfrau: Gracie Wade, Ada Colvin, Ada McKittick, T. T. Rainey, V. T. Wilson, E. Sidney, Edward Summers, Clarence Henry, Miller Card and W. B. Alexander.

Harry S. Sanderson, who still remains business manager of Tony Pastor's company, and who directs that organization no matter where he locates, will not travel this Fall, but will remain in charge of the theatre in New York making occasional trips to the road show.

The Union Square Panorama Company was incorporated in this city recently. It has a capital of \$200,000. Paul Philippoteaux, Peter Townsend Barlow, Hector De Castro, Edward Brandus, Charles L. Willoughby, Francis E. Parker and Edward C. Platt are the trustees for the first year.

Blanche Thorne has been engaged for the leading female role in The Still Alarm. The two white Arabian horses to be used in the production can be seen at a livery stable directly opposite the theatre. From the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where the play runs for two weeks, it will be taken to Pittsburg, where it opens its road season on Sept. 12.

Frank De Vernon, occasionally leads about the Square a huge wolf-dog of great intelligence. "What do you think of Uncle Tom?" whispered Frank in the animal's ear. Three short, snappish barks. "Do you like Uncle Tom actors?" Low, deep and prolonged growl. "Are they well paid?" The dog made a desperate attempt to tear off his muzzle and came near escaping across the Square.

The following people have been engaged for Harrison and Rogers' My Geraldine company, which opens its season at the Grand Opera House, St. Paul, Minn., on August 22: Mrs. Druicault (Agnes Robertson), Aubrey B. C. Hall, Eugene O'Rourke, Lavinia White, Mattie Ferguson, Harry Roberts and others. Charles F. Wiegand will do the advance work.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

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HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Opens Saturday night, Dec. 21, 1887, with the eminent and popular tragedian,

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Largest theatre in Chicago. Equipment both elegant and thorough.

CAPACITY, 3,000 PEOPLE. FOUR TIERS.

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Seating capacity 1,000. Population 16,000. Brighton 6,000, connected by street railway. Playing one date per week only. Stage 35x70. Complete scenery. Now booking for season 1887-88. Best attractions only. C. W. ROHRKASTE, Manager.

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Seats 850. Lighted by gas; steam heated. Now booking season 1887-88. First-class attractions only need apply. Time fast filling. Good show town. JOHN RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

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OPERA HOUSE.

Seats 850 on ground floor. BARRETT & HEFFNER.

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Built last year. Seating capacity 500; opera chairs; Stage 35x70; 12 sets scenery. Everything new and all modern conveniences. On the main line of D. and W. R. R., only thirty-five miles from Rochester FIRST-CLASS SHOW TOWN. POPULATION 4,000.

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Alas! Poor Hamlet.

MR. WILSON BARRETT—HAMLET—THE NEW YORK PRESS—GOOD REASONS FOR AN ADVERSE JUDGMENT.

It has pleased Mr. Wilson Barrett, since his return to England, to publish, in the course of many glowing statements respecting himself and his professional tour of America, the assertion that, while in general he was prodigiously admired and praised by the American press, he received unjust treatment from "certain papers," published in New York, and that this injustice was in particular visited upon his performance of Hamlet.

The following passage is an extract from an interview with Mr. Wilson Barrett, printed in the *Topical Times*, of London, May 28, 1887:

"We understand here that you had a row with the papers, and had, before the curtain, pitched into the American press generally, for its treatment of you."

"Then they were entirely mistaken. If I had done so I would [sic] have been a man and not a child. No one could have received more kindness than I received from American journalists. I suppose the report was started on account of some speeches I made, before the curtain, on my return visit to New York. *Certain papers seemed to resent the idea of my playing Hamlet in that city. They were willing to give me credit for anything else I did, so long as I refrained from appearing in that role.* But I was anxious that any such statement should be made. There I opened upon me, as it had promised to do. So when the audiences called me out and insisted on my making a speech, I used to chaff them and say, 'You look like intelligent people; how is it you applaud me in a part in which you have been told by certain papers that I am no good in?' This pleased the public, and I used to be cheered to the echo, and people in the stalls would cry out, 'Bravo, Barrett, give it to them! But I was anxious that any such statement should be made. There I opened upon me, as it had promised to do. So when the audiences called me out and insisted on my making a speech, I used to chaff them and say, 'You look like intelligent people; how is it you applaud me in a part in which you have been told by certain papers that I am no good in?'

This ebullition of a well satisfied mind contains one misrepresentation which it may be amiss to correct.

Not one paper in New York "resented the idea," or even "seemed to resent the idea," of Mr. Wilson Barrett's playing Hamlet in this city, and not one paper in New York ever "promised to open on him" if he should play it.

The present writer—who, perhaps, had more concern with this matter, and a more intimate knowledge of it, than any other newspaper commentator in New York—certainly did advise Mr. Wilson Barrett, at the outset of his American season, to hold back his performance of Hamlet, to present it first in Boston, and to reserve it for the chief feature of his return visit to New York. There were good reasons in favor of this policy, and Mr. Wilson Barrett wisely adopted it. But this new actor was never threatened with the opposition of the press. He was merely, and in a spirit of perfect kindness, reminded that it is always best to capture the sympathy of your public, before accosting it with an experiment upon accepted classics and established traditions. He was told that the public, everywhere, is always impatient at having its settled belief assailed or disturbed by a stranger, and that his embodiment of Hamlet would stand a better chance of a sympathetic hearing at the last than at the first. He was also told that his own published writings about Hamlet appeared to indicate him as an actor who ought not to undertake that character. This was private counsel, given, and taken, in good part. It had nothing to do with "certain papers," or with any paper; and Mr. Wilson Barrett's present effort to ascribe to preconcerted hostility on the part of the New York press the explicit and righteous condemnation of his Hamlet which that sheet-iron embodiment eventually evoked, from every competent critical journal in New York, is not well-grounded.

The New York press is not faultless, but, with all its defects, it is as fair a press as any in the world; and had there been a possibility of praising Mr. Wilson Barrett's impersonation of Hamlet, without the sacrifice of intelligence, propriety, sense and justice, the work would have been praised. Mr. Wilson Barrett's failure, as Hamlet, when he played the part here, was, however, a conspicuous fact. He gave an obviously wrong idea of the character, and he gave it in a hard, mechanical and tiresome manner. The audiences to whom, on his return visit to New York, he uttered his "chaff," as he now calls it, were, with little exception, composed of the lower class of our theatre-goers, people, whose knowledge of Hamlet is limited to doubt whether the play was written by Mr. Boucicault or the Kraly Brothers. That he obtained the applause of these persons by his courtesy toward absent gentlemen, who had dealt thoughtfully with his work and, in some cases, had been personally attentive and kind to him, is not to his credit. To intimate that these gentlemen were in any way unfair to him is absurd.

This is the dull season. Topics of the hour are few. A reminiscent theme may not prove unwelcome. Let us review some of the reasons for Mr. Wilson Barrett's failure in Hamlet. The study will, at least, lead our thoughts into the great and beautiful realm of Shakespearean poetry.

THE NEW READINGS.

The first line spoken by Hamlet—not a particularly bright observation—is, "A little more than kin and less than kind." This usually has been understood to mean, "I am a little more than a kinsman to you, because you, my uncle, have become my mother's husband; but I rejoice to say that I am a very different sort of man." The line is a shaft of covert sarcasm. The shaft, however, is not buried, because the words are spoken under the breath and are not intended to be heard. Mr. Wilson Barrett, in speaking this line, makes the vowel short, in the word "kind," and sounds that word as if it were a rhyme for "tinned." The word "kind," he declares, is an old-country

word for child, and Hamlet's meaning is, "I am more than a kinsman to you, but less than a son." This makes the remark a mere statement of bald fact—such a statement as Hamlet, in his mood of bitter grief and resentment, would be but little likely to utter. There are times when the sorrow-stricken Prince is forlorn, quiet and gentle; there never is a time when he is commonplace. Still, it may be assumed that Hamlet's bitterness of feeling underlies his words, whichever way you take them, and Mr. Wilson Barrett's textual emendation may, possibly, be correct. The point is insignificant, as bearing upon the question of the actor's ideal.

Again, when Hamlet comes upon the platform, in the first of his Ghost scenes, the time being the middle of the night, and the night being apparently in late Autumn in the harsh climate of Denmark, he naturally remarks that "the air bites shrewdly," and that "it is very cold." Mr. Wilson Barrett, speaking these words, converts the last half of the line into a question. "Is it very cold?" he asks; as if the Prince, already chilled, and therefore quite well aware of the frigid temperature, were inquiring into the state of the royal thermometer. There are other details of verbal modification in Mr. Wilson Barrett's reading of this part, but they are all of a piece; they all show a petty striving after novelty; and it is not worth while to consider them. When Mr. Barry Sullivan's Hamlet rose to the surface, about thirty years ago, that Hibernian Dane was heard to remark that he knew "a hawk from a hen-Pshaw!" And this is about all that anybody now remembers of Mr. Sullivan's performance. It was not by his "aitches" that John Philly Kemble became the greatest Hamlet of his time. It is not by trivial verbal quirks that any actor ever rose, or ever will rise, to the awful altitude of that sublime conception.

FANTASTIC STAGE BUSINESS.

Shakespeare opens the third act of Hamlet with a "Room in the Castle," and presently changes the scene to a "Hall in the same." In this Hall the play is acted, which Hamlet has ordered the Players to represent before him, and to the prospect of which he has entreated the King and Queen. This play-scene Mr. Wilson Barrett presents in a garden. The idea, probably, was derived from a hint in "Coxe's Travels," which mentions "Hamlet's Garden," adjacent to the Palace of Kronberg, near Elsinore, in which tradition says that the murder of the King was committed. Mr. Wilson Barrett thinks that he derives a fine dramatic effect from causing Claudius to behold the copy of his own monstrous crime, upon the actual spot—"within mine orchard"—where it was perpetrated. Upon being told (he says) that the climate of Northern Europe is rather cool, even on a night in Summer, for out-door theatricals, he replied that in the time of Hamlet open-air theatres were customary. This position illustrates the fragile texture of his theory. There can, of course, be no very serious objection to the use of the garden. Whatever can augment the legitimate dramatic effect of a play, without offense to reason, should always be introduced—for, unless it be effective, it is useless as a play. But, let the reason be plainly avowed. No theatres of any kind were in existence in Denmark in the time of Hamlet. Besides, if reference to the time of the play (the Eleventh century) is to govern in one particular, why not in all? If we are to have Hamlet mounted and dressed according to local custom in the historic period of Fengon and Horvendile, most of the people in it must present themselves in hides—chiefly their own. And what authority would remain for Mr. Wilson Barrett's elaborate and beautiful Fencing play, in the scene of Hamlet's combat with Laertes? The art of foining, or defensive sword-play, with the rapier and foil, did not come into fashion as a courtly practice until about the Thirteenth century.

A DEFECTIVE PROMPT-BOOK.

It is a worthy ambition that endeavors, in the stage-setting of a Shakespearean play, to harmonize the work in all its parts, to remove whatever disparities may have been left in it by the author, and thus to make it perfect. But this result is not always attainable. In general it can only be approximately reached. Every one of Shakespeare's plays that is acted has to be more or less cut. Almost every one of them is too long for representation in its original form. Hamlet, in particular, has to be much condensed. Edwin Booth's version of it is the longest now in use on the English-speaking stage, and Edwin Booth's version omits nearly one thousand lines of the original. The modern stage accomplishes much by picture that the old writers could only accomplish by language. Mr. Wilson Barrett's restorations, most of which are made subsequent to the closet scene, while they cast no new light upon the subject, certainly have the effect of retarding the action—and this exactly at a point where the need of greater celebrity has always been felt. Mr. Wilson Barrett, however, is an expeditious actor, and his Hamlet, whatever else may be true of it, is one of celebrity. Making the Prince to act like a boy, he makes him to act like a lively one.

HAMLET'S AGE.

The evidence derived from the text of Hamlet, as printed in the Folio of 1623, specifically indicates Hamlet's age. He is thirty. The proof of this is found—as everybody knows—in the dialogue between Hamlet and the sexton. Mr. Wilson Barrett's method of dispersing this evidence is simple and radical. He declares that it does not exist; that the text

has been garbled; that the original language of Shakespeare has been altered; that expressions have been introduced into that conversation between Hamlet and the sexton which were not written by Shakespeare, but which were invented in order to make the language conformable to the requirements of various old actors. He maintains that Hamlet should be presented and accepted as a youth of about eighteen; that Shakespeare has drawn and described him as "young Hamlet," and that thirty is not "young." He has adopted a theory, and he would, therefore, exclude from the tragedy whatever language may happen to conflict with it. This is a convenient method, but its validity is not likely to be recognized by Shakespearean scholars. The words of the sexton—who says that he has been a grave-digger since "the very day that young Hamlet was born," and that he has followed his "business," "man and boy, thirty years"—are not, indeed, to be taken too literally. "Man and boy," for instance, seems to be no more than a loose phrase of common parlance, used here by a quain: Hodge whose general style of thinking and of speech, together with the senility of his fag-ends of mis-remembered song, betoken an elderly man—such a man as, in such an occupation, would be antiquated at fifty; such a man as should be noted rather for sly conceit and dry and waggish humor than for strict accuracy of reminiscence and narration. Still, the text of the Folio of 1623 is a good basis of the authentic text of Shakespeare. Its editors, Heminge and Condell, affirm it printed from his MSS., which they declare that they received from him "with scarce a blot;" and therefore much reliance should be placed on it. Obvious blunders in it ought to be corrected; and in good modern editions they mostly are corrected; while reference to the Second Quarto (the First, which is understood to be Mr. Barrett's stronghold, being accounted piratical and untrustworthy), sometimes procures clearer and more felicitous readings. But arbitrary alterations, made without warrant or proof, as restorations of Shakespeare's original words or meanings, are not likely to prosper. Mr. Wilson Barrett, following a dubious conjecture, based on an old poem, believes that a line in the fencing scene, "Our son is fat and scant of breath," is spurious; that it was foisted into the text in order to suit the need of Richard Burbage, the first actor of Hamlet; and he reasons that if one line was inserted to suit Burbage, other lines may have been inserted to suit other actors, and, accordingly, that you are justified in rejecting any part of the text that you fancy to have been thus introduced. This is a loose method of reasoning, and if it were applied all along the line of Hamlet it would produce singular results.

DISCREPANCIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Wilson Barrett seems to suppose that if the text be altered at points relative to Hamlet's age, all discrepancies must disappear. This is anything but true. Indeed, there is scarcely one of Shakespeare's plays that is either free, or could be freed, from discrepancies. Macbeth, for instance, in the midst of one of his most essential speeches, made at one of the most terrible moments of his afflicted life, suddenly ceases to talk like Macbeth and speaks in what is instantly recognized as the characteristic voice of Shakespeare—introducing the simile of the poor player. In the Winter's Tale occurs the shipwreck on the sea-coast of Bohemia—which has no sea-coast. In Hamlet we come upon the University of Wittenberg, an institution which did not exist until 1502, long after the period to which the story of the tragedy is supposed to relate. In Hamlet, also, ordnance is shot off—although in the historic age of the piece cannon had not been invented. Briefly, everything in the play is consonant not with the period of its historic basis, but with the period of its authorship. One of the speeches in it (and this happens to be one upon which Mr. Wilson Barrett especially relies to prove Hamlet's juvenility, "Think it no more, for nature, crescent, does not grow alone in thews and bulk," is put into the mouth of Laertes, a light, commonplace, shallow and treacherous young man, to whose mind its lofty sentiment and philosophic beauty are totally alien. Here again it is the poet himself who speaks, and not the dramatic individual. Shakespeare was a great poet as well as a great play-maker, and there are many times when the copious flow of his poetic inspiration deranges the adjustment of details in the construction of his plays. Artistic consistency and symmetry, indeed, were not wilfully neglected by him. In essential things his plays are found to be coherent and harmonious. But he did not care for pedantic accuracy; and, when his royal soul overflowed, as it often did, he heeded not through whose lips the golden torrent might break.

LOVES OF GERTRUDE AND CLAUDIO.

That Hamlet is to be regarded as a youth Mr. Wilson Barrett chiefly deduces from the fact that his mother, Queen Gertrude, is young enough for an amour with her husband's brother Claudius. He would have the Queen about thirty-six years old, instead of about forty-eight. Hamlet is not young enough to suit his theory at thirty, but the Queen would be young enough to suit it at thirty-six, and therefore she must not have an adult son. He sees no difficulty in the way of making a youth of eighteen the natural exponent and voice of an embittered experience, a fatal grief, and a majestic contemplative philosophy such as never yet was, or could be, possible to boyhood; but he sees an insurmountable difficulty in the way of making an elderly woman lapse from virtue—at the solicitation of a lover, obviously younger than herself, who is completely infatuated about her;—and this notwithstanding she is drawn as soft, sensuous and vain, and is very distinctly rebuked by her own son, who should know her tolerably well, with conduct utterly inexplicable and senseless at a time of her life when "the heyday in the blood is tame and humble and waits upon the judgment." He omits even to reflect that the amour of Gertrude and Claudius may have been going on for a long time prior to the murder of King Hamlet. Surely it is more probable that a well-preserved and handsome woman of forty-eight or fifty, weary of her too excellent husband and flattered by the passion of a desperate wooper (who thought her so conjunctive to his life and soul that he could no more live without her than a star could move outside of its sphere), should be an amatory sinner, than it is that a lad of eighteen should be the mature philosopher, the profound moralist, the representative thinker, the grief-stricken, isolated sufferer, the intellectual, passionate, deep-hearted, supreme man whom Shakespeare has incarnated in Hamlet.

HIS CHILDREN WITHOUT THEREFORE BECOMING AN IMAGE OF THE COLOSSAL MAJESTY AND RUINED GRANDEUR OF KING LEAR.

Any old man who is the victim of ingratitude and cruelty is an object of pity; but Lear's experience is possible only to Lear's nature; and unless that nature be embodied the picture of that experience can produce no adequate effect. The world does not love Hamlet because Hamlet loves his father, but because he is Hamlet.

POINTLESS INNOVATIONS.

Mr. Wilson Barrett transposes the soliloquy on death from the third act into the second. He prefers "a siege of troubles" to "a sea" of them—as Edwin Forrest did, long ago. He refers to a "kindless villain," not a kyndless one. He addresses the greater part of "To be or not to be" to the circumambient air—a region toward which no human being ever gazes when his mind is deeply absorbed in rumination. In the parting scene with Ophelia he causes Hamlet to make a spasmodic discovery of the furtive King, and, immediately thereafter, a spasmodic discovery of the furtive Polonius—each distinct. This is done on the principle of "damnable iteration," which indeed pervades all the acting of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who seems never—except in his speeches—to assume that his audience knows anything. Master Walter stated the principle, in that very useful line of his—"Another, lest you doubt the first!" He indicates Hamlet, at the close of that parting scene, as being so passionately, so carnally, attracted toward Ophelia that it is only by a tremendous effort of the will that he can break away from her; this being, manifestly, as false a touch as perverse ingenuity could put upon a mood that absolutely incarnates the holiness and pathetic majesty or self renunciation. He places the strongest possible emphasis upon Hamlet's hatred and defiance of King Claudius—making the Prince so resolute and violent in this animosity that he is left wholly without a reason for not having at once accomplished his revenge. He cuts the King out of "No, his affections do not that way tend," and he closes act third with the Queen's explanation of the closet scene, to her husband, and with the business of despatching Hamlet to England. He lays a marked stress upon Hamlet's "I essentially am not in madness but mad in craft," seeming to suppose that this, absolutely and finally, settles the question of Hamlet's insanity—whereas this is, perhaps, the most characteristic denouement of mental aberration that occurs in the tragedy. Persons who have been shocked and dazed and who, while not wholly unbalanced, know themselves to be queer, are sure, sooner or later, to make a point of asserting their perfect sanity. The most interesting of his restorations—and, indeed, the only important one—is that of the passage in which Hamlet, in his delirium, weeps over the dead body of Ophelia's father, slain by the hand of Ophelia's half-frantic lover. "I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room" is not spoken, but it ought to be, if this scene is to be acted at all, in order to give it the rightful effect. Hamlet has here become entirely wild, and he breaks down in a paroxysm of mad, hysterical grief. Mr. Wilson Barrett, at this point, and at the exit after the play-scene, (although there the action of striking with a sword at imaginary lurking foes was extravagant and tended to lower the tone of the situation) came more near to being Hamlet than anywhere else along the whole line of his performance. Everybody in the piece who had to call Hamlet "young" or a "youth" seemed to have been instructed to vociferate the juvenile designation, as with a trumpet; but the King's line, "How dangerous is it that this man goes loose," was merely murmured. Such are the peculiar views and embellishments which, with laborious effort and hard and brittle elocution, Mr. Wilson Barrett displayed to us here as Hamlet. It is no wonder that his performance failed. The "certain papers" in New York that said so said the truth, and there was abundant justification of their verdict.

At the zenith of his intellectual greatness and the summit alike of his maturity and his fame, and after studying and acting Hamlet for thirty-three years and more, that great actor, Macready—a wonderful man, to whom the attribute of genius has been unjustly denied, by most of modern criticism, for no better reason than because he was scrupulously thorough, elaborate, methodical and exacting as an artistic executant—wrote thus of Hamlet:

"July 17, 1844—Lay on the sofa at the hotel, ruminating upon the play of Hamlet; upon the divine spirit which God lent to that man Shakespeare, to create such intellectual realities, full of beauty and of power. It seems to me as if only now, at fifty-one years of age, I thoroughly see and appreciate the artistic power of Shakespeare in this great human phenomenon; nor do any of the critics, Goethe, Schlegel, Coleridge, present to me, in their elaborate remarks, the exquisite artistic effects which I see in this work, as long meditation, like long straining after light, gives the minutest portion of its excellence to my view."

A remark of kindred significance was made by the famous old actor Betterton, who, at the age of seventy, said to a friend who had praised his performance of Hamlet as "perfect": "Perfect? I have played Hamlet now fifty years, and I believe I have not fully the depths of all its philosophy yet."

Mr. Wilson Barrett, comparatively young in Hamlet, takes a different view. Oh, he declares, "seen Hamlet played I season."

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

who has made a name in that character during the last twenty-five years. I know all their business and all their traditions. . . . When I made up my mind to produce the play in the Princess' Theatre in London, I took up the book to study it, to try to improve on my old performance of the part, and as I read and studied I began to realize slowly how mistaken I had been. . . . For two years I worked on the play, analyzing every line and every word. I arrived at my conclusions after years of study [Mr. Wilson Barrett's new Hamlet was first exhibited in the autumn of 1884], and the character I have conceived is supported by some of the brightest intellects of our time. This . . . is the outcome of a sincere conviction that I am *absolutely right*."

One of those "bright intellects" mentioned in this elegant extract is Mr. Clement Scott, certainly a most learned, accomplished, competent and expert dramatic critic. Mr. Scott wrote of Mr. Wilson Barrett's Hamlet, in his most elaborate paper on that subject, these words: "I did not find tenderness, inspiration or imagination."

In Heaven's name, what remains to a personation of Hamlet from which those attributes are absent?

Alas, poor Hamlet!

WILLIAM WINTER
FORT HILL Staten Island, August 6 1887

Theatrical Scenery.

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